

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 152.—Vol. VII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



RATHER CHEERLESS.—DRAWN BY PAUL DIXON.

A DOUBT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORTON HOUSE," "VALERIE ATYLMER," ETC.

I.

THE day was bright, still, and balmy. Though January had told but a third of his span of days, Nature was already beginning to awake from her winter sleep. Flowers were blooming, bees were humming, and birds were singing gayly amid the evergreen shrubs, in the large garden attached to one of the handsomest private residences in the town of J—. All was sunny and cheerful without doors; all was bustle and excitement within. It was the eve of the wedding-day of the only child and heiress of the house, and, in anticipation of the important event, all heads and hands were busy with preparations.

Mrs. Blount, the lady of the mansion, was a little too busy for the comfort of her servants and assistants. She was here, there, everywhere; in the store-room, where the process of cake-making, cake-decorating, and the general manufacture of domestic confections, was in full tide—up-stairs, down-stairs—even in the kitchen, with questions, suggestions, directions, that infinitely disgusted the cook—hindering everybody, helping nobody, until the very rustle of her silk dress became an abomination in the ears of the much-tried household. The confectioner's man, who was in command of the store-room, had again and again respectfully represented that he "would have all right, without her troubling herself—she might depend upon that!"—the cook had exclaimed each time that the brown silk invaded her domain, "Now don't you be botherin' mistiss, and making yourself uneasy. You know I'm bound to have every thing first-rate for Miss Emmy's weddin' breakfast!"—and her own maid had protested solemnly against her "breaking herself down this way, instead of keeping quiet, so as to be well to-morrow." But remonstrances were vain. Mrs. Blount could not keep quiet. Her spirits were at that altitude of exhilaration which must effervesce in restless motion. It was not only that she enjoyed intensely the fuss, excitement, and *éclat* of her daughter's marriage with one of the richest, handsomest, and most fashionable men of J—; the crown of her content was, that she herself had "made the match;" that, but for her, it "never would have been a match." And so, happy and self-congratulating, she wandered about, blandly unconscious of how much she was in everybody's way, and how heartily everybody was wishing her at the antipodes.

There were two rooms in the house, however, which, in all her wanderings, she left uninvaded. One of these was the chamber of her daughter, the bride-elect; the other was the private room of her husband—a small apartment adjoining the library—which enjoyed the prescriptive right of exemption from intrusion.

In this latter, Mr. Blount was now sitting, on a sofa drawn near to the fire. He had just turned from the library-table at his el-

bow, where he had been writing letters, and, leaning forward, took up the poker, and began to stir the fire mechanically. Mr. Blount was a man whose life was exclusively of the world. He ate, he slept, he entertained his friends, he read, wrote, and studied, under his own roof, and he paid all the bills his wife presented to him, without question or comment; but that was all. So far as any of the usual influences of home were concerned, he might as well have been the celibate of an anchorite's cell. He had early in his married life discovered that there was nothing in common between himself and the vain, frivolous woman whom he had made his wife; for, though the world occupied an equal place in her regard as in his own, it was in a very different form. He was intellectual, energetic, ambitious, while she was a mere butterfly of fashion; far the more selfish and heartless, inasmuch as she was by far the most shallow nature of the two.

On the present family occasion, there was as little harmony of sentiment as usual between this ill-matched pair. As Mr. Blount bent over, and absently stirred the coals, his face, so far from exhibiting the expression of beatified content which his wife's countenance was bearing about, was very clouded. His eye was thoughtful, his brows somewhat contracted, and his lips compressed. He was thinking of an appeal which his daughter, to his great astonishment, had addressed to him the night before; and, as he thought, his face grew darker and darker—for he felt that, without any fault of his own, he occupied a very embarrassing and painful position; and the sense of this was not less disagreeable than novel to him. He had promised his daughter that he would consider the matter which she had so abruptly forced upon his attention, and he had kept his word—having spent the greater part of the night revolving it in his mind. But, look at the question as he would, he could find no satisfactory solution of the difficulty. For once, his keen intellect, and usual fertility of resource, were entirely at fault. He was hopelessly perplexed.

While he was still ruminating the subject, there was a low knock at the door. He hesitated a moment before he said, "Come in," and, for the first time in his life, was conscious of a positive sense of cowardice, as he heard the door open and shut, and a slight, quick step crossing the floor. It was not until this step paused beside him, that he turned and looked up.

A young girl, whose slender figure and delicate blond beauty gave her an almost painful appearance of fragility, was standing with feverishly-varying color, her eager gaze fastened upon him. At the first glimpse of his countenance, she seemed to read the decision at that instant forming in his mind, and the lovely half-blushes, that were coming and going momentarily in her cheek, faded suddenly, leaving it as stony white as freshly-carved alabaster.

"Papa, O papa!" she cried, without waiting for him to speak, "I cannot, cannot marry him! Oh, have mercy on me, and send him away! I cannot, cannot marry him!"

She pressed her hands down one upon

the other, on the edge of the table by which she stood, as if to steady herself—for she was trembling from head to foot—pressed them so hard, that they were almost as bloodless as her face; and there was a strange look of terror and anguish in her eyes, while her voice had the very wail of despair in its accents.

"My daughter," said Mr. Blount, gravely—taking her hands, he drew her toward him, and placed her on the sofa by his side—"my daughter, sit down and listen to what I have to say."

"O papa! O papa!" she gasped hysterically, "you do not mean—you cannot be so cruel as to mean—"

"Don't excite yourself in this violent manner," said her father, whose face had become a shade paler than usual. "Try and control this agitation—try and listen to me, Emily."

He was still holding her hands, but by a sudden effort she released them from his grasp, and began wringing them frantically.

"Tell me—only tell me," she cried, "that you will save me from this worse than death! That is all I ask!"

"I can tell you nothing until you are capable of listening to reason, my daughter," he answered, with the same gentle gravity as when he spoke first.

"Reason!" exclaimed she, passionately. Then looking at his face, and reading its expression, she added more quietly: "Forgive me for distressing you so much! I will try to listen to you."

He put his hand on the soft brown hair that was pushed carelessly back from her face, flowing in disordered ringlets on her shoulders, and smoothed it softly for a moment, before he said:

"Emily, if you had told me, at the time this marriage was first spoken of, that in accepting Madison you were acting under compulsion of your mother's influence, I should not only have at once put a stop to the affair itself, but I should have taken care that such a thing never happened again, by peremptorily forbidding your mother's interference, either one way or the other, with your future matrimonial choice. But I understood from her that you accepted him voluntarily; and your conduct gave every color of probability to this assertion. I saw you walking and riding with him constantly—receiving his attentions at all times, as if they were agreeable to you; and when I made the direct inquiry of you—as a matter of form only, I confess—whether you wished to marry the man, you answered distinctly that you did."

"Yes, yes, I was a poor, miserable coward! As I told you last night, papa, mamma managed to throw me with—him, against my will, and to commit me in so many different ways, that I was coward enough to feel it impossible to say no, when he finally asked me to marry him. But as to now, receiving his attentions, that was not my fault. Mamma would promise him that I would ride or walk with him at a certain time, and would then insist on my fulfilling the engagement when he came to claim it. I never liked him—though I did not, when I consented to mar-

ry him, detest him as I do now. I thought that as I had unintentionally led him on, as mamma called it, to offer himself—that I would try to like him. And, O papa, I have tried so hard! But the more I saw of him, the more did I feel dislike, amounting to utter disgust; and though for a long time I would not acknowledge this, even to myself, as the time drew nearer and nearer for me to marry him, I—I—papa, I could not endure it! I abhor him—I loathe him! Death would be a thousand times preferable to marrying him! O papa! have mercy on me, and save me! I shall lose my senses or die, if I have to marry this man!"

"What can I do at this late hour? Consider, Emily—if you had spoken to me a month or even a week ago, it would have been different; but you let the engagement go on for months, you wait until the marriage has been publicly announced, every preparation completed, the very eve of the day arrives, and you wish to break it off then! Don't you know that to jilt the man in this notorious manner would be most unprincipled, most dishonorable conduct?"

She did not answer. She only wrung her hands again, with a look of utter despair.

"Do not think that I am indifferent to your wishes," continued Mr. Blount, after a little pause. "I would do any thing which it was possible to do, my daughter, to release you from a marriage that seems so repugnant to your inclination. But what you propose would be a disgraceful breach of faith. Don't you see that?"

"Is there no hope, no help, for me?" she asked, with a desperate sort of caluness.

"No help but in your own strength of character. Remember, it was by your own act that you were involved in this affair. A word to me, at any time, would have relieved you of all difficulty. You ought to have spoken that word in time. Since you did not do so, you are bound in honor to keep your faith."

"I would have appealed to you sooner, but I was always afraid of you, father," said the girl, bitterly.

"Afraid of me! What reason had you to be afraid of me?" demanded he, hastily. "Did I ever once act, or even speak, harshly to you?"

"No; you were always kind enough, but so cold! You scarcely seemed conscious of my existence, unless some accident reminded you of it."

"God forgive me!" said he, with a groan. "God forgive me! One false step, one error, is the fruitful source of many succeeding evils. I was not by nature what is called an affectionate disposition, not impressionable or demonstrative, and the little warmth and sentiment that I did possess was frozen by—"

He stopped, and was silent for some minutes.

"Emily," he said, turning suddenly to his daughter, "answer me one question. Is it some love-affair with another man which makes you so averse to marrying Madison?"

"No," she answered, meeting his keen

glance without the slightest hesitation. "I do not love any other man. I wish I did; for I could ask him to save me, then. No. It is just that I detest—*loathe*—this man!"

She spoke quietly now, as if the climax of passionate feeling was past, and something very like apathy was stealing over her. Mr. Blount looked with anxiety amounting to apprehension at her pale face and drooping form.

"My daughter," said he, abruptly, "you think the sacrifice which your own conduct has imposed upon you a hard one. Listen to me, and I will tell you of a much harder sacrifice which I once made to a sense of honor. Did it ever occur to you to wonder, Emily, why I married your mother?"

"I have always wondered at it," she answered, listlessly.

"She was handsome when I first saw her, and much admired; and, from the first moment of our acquaintance, she exerted every effort to attract me. I don't think that, intrinsically considered, I should have given her a single thought, or that it would have been possible for her to obtain my most transient attention. But I was young and vain, and, flattered by the favor voluntarily bestowed on me—a favor which I saw so many around me coveting—I was unhappily drawn on, until, despite my better judgment, and almost before I knew what I was about, I was engaged to her.

"It was at a watering-place that we met, just at the end of the season. On the very day after I had offered myself, and been accepted, we parted to return to our respective homes. I was startled to find that, as I journeyed homeward, I dragged a lengthening chain, not of regret at parting from her, but of repentance that I had been so weak as to yield to a momentary infatuation, thus binding myself in honor to marry a woman for whom I entertained not the slightest genuine regard. And, if I felt this at the time, how much more did I feel it afterward, when accident threw across my path a woman whom I could have really loved, whom I did love, notwithstanding my struggles against what my own folly rendered a hopeless passion! But I did not hesitate, my daughter, as to what I should do. The real passion which had taken possession of my heart filled it with a disgust for the woman to whom I had engaged myself, equal, at least, to that which you entertain for this man you are about to marry." The girl shivered at his last words. "But—I was bound in honor, and I kept my faith. Now, do you not see that my case was harder than your own? I loved another woman. You have just assured me that that sting is not added to your suffering. I was perfectly aware that it was only for my wealth, and my reputation as an ambitious and rising man, that the coquette who had netted me wished to become my wife; while you must acknowledge that Madison is really attached to you for yourself alone. I do not admire him as a man; he certainly would not have been my choice as a son-in-law; but I must do him the justice to admit that his love for you is thoroughly honest and disinterested. I never was mistaken in my judgment of a man's character, and I am certain of this."

"What does it matter? I hate him—I abhor him—I loathe him! Father" (she caught his arm with both her hands, and looked despairingly in his face), "do you mean to tell me that there is no escape, that I must marry him?"

"My daughter cannot act dishonorably, and it would be dishonorable to draw back now."

"Then, God help me, since you won't!" she cried, burying her face in her hands. After a minute, she slowly withdrew them, and looked up. "I am sorry I have distressed you in this way, papa, since it has done no good. I suppose you are right—that every thing ought to be sacrificed to honor. I will try to be resigned, since it must be so."

She rose to go, and her father, rising also, bent his head and pressed his lips to her brow.

"My poor child!" he said.

That was all; but she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"Are you so sorry for me as that?" she said, with a sad, faint smile. And then she repeated her last words: "I will try to be resigned, since it must be so."

II.

"What! not dressed yet?" said Mrs. Blount, sweeping into her daughter's room, resplendent in pearl-colored silk, early the next morning, and finding Emily still in her dressing-gown, standing before a window. "I thought I particularly requested you to be punctual, my dear," she added, with petulant reproach.

"I shall be ready in time," answered Emily, without turning round; and something in the tone of her voice grated very harshly on her mother's ear.

She had managed and manœuvred, with all the skill of a cunning and perfectly unscrupulous nature, to force her daughter into a marriage to which, she was well aware, the girl's inclinations were violently opposed; and she felicitated herself on the success of her management. But still there was a little of the mother yet alive at the bottom of her heart, despite the mountain of selfishness overlying it; and latterly this feeling had given her some very uncomfortable qualms whenever she was in Emily's presence. The language of suffering was written so plainly on the pale and altered face, but a little time before so bright, that not all the specious arguments with which egotism is ever ready to justify itself to its worshipper could quite stifle the whisperings of remorse. "I have acted entirely for her own good, and she will thank me for it hereafter," was the stereotyped phrase which she was in the habit of repeating to herself when her conscience was a little more importunate than usual in condemning her arbitrary conduct in the matter of this marriage. She repeated it now, as she advanced to where Emily remained standing, and exclaimed, with ostentatious cheerfulness:

"Let me see if you are looking your best, my love, as in duty bound this morning!"

Her daughter did not reply, did not even

seem to hear the remark. She was gazing vacantly far away into the blue sky at some fleecy white clouds that floated slowly along, and wishing, in an apathetic sort of way, that she was one of them.

"It is time that you were dressing," said Mrs. Blount, in somewhat less honeyed accents, for she began to feel both irritated and uneasy at this strange manner.

"Very well—I will dress," answered the girl, listlessly; but she made no movement toward doing so.

"Never mind, Mrs. Blount; I will take her in hand, and, trust me, she shall be forthcoming at eleven o'clock," cried a gay voice in Mrs. Blount's rear; and a young lady in bridesmaid's costume came forward from the other side of the apartment, where she had

hands of Miss Ashby and her own maid, who went to work *con amore*, and at least half an hour before the stipulated time, presented her to her own inspection in the mirror, in all the bridal glories of white silk, orange-blossoms, and veil, complete.

"You look lovely, perfectly lovely!" cried Laura, enthusiastically. "A little too pale, but then it is the regulation thing for a bride to be pale—but beautiful as a dream!—Don't she, Lucinda?"

"Deed does she, Miss Laura," answered the maid, in a glow of pride and admiration. "The prettiest bride ever I saw!"

"Run, now, and see whether all the bridal-party have arrived. I don't suppose they have; it is early yet. You wait down-stairs until it is time for us to go down, and come

chair directly in front of the window as she spoke, and made her friend sit down. "Don't crush your dress, though," she entreated, as the other sank into its depths without any apparent recollection of that important consideration. "Mercy, child! you will ruin your head if you lean back against it in that way."

Emily looked up with a faint smile.

"You can set it to rights again," she said. "I must lean back; I am so very tired."

She closed her eyes, and Laura, who had been wondering privately all the morning at the strange manner in which she was acting, stood gazing at her now in positive dismay.

Everybody—that is, everybody who con-



"A touch was sufficient. She fell on her knees before the motionless form, with a loud, piercing shriek."—Page 201.

been busy at a toilet-table, putting the finishing touches to her own dress.

"Thank you, Miss Laura—I will leave you to your task, then," said Mrs. Blount, graciously. "I am particularly anxious to be punctual to the appointed hour. It is always so tiresome and awkward when there is delay on an occasion of this kind."

She smiled, and the pearl-colored silk rustled majestically out of the room.

"Come, darling," said the young lady, who had so opportunely for Mrs. Blount entered an appearance on the scene—Emily's favorite friend and first bridesmaid—Laura Ashby—"come, you must dress."

"Very well," was the reply again; and this time she did move.

She walked across the room to the toilet-table, and resigned herself passively into the

and tell me then.—You know," she continued, turning to Emily, as the maid left the room, "that the guests are to be in the front drawing-room, and the folding-doors will remain closed until we are all in our places in the back drawing-room. Then they will be thrown open, and the ceremony performed immediately. That, and the congratulations, and the breakfast, will—but what am I thinking of to let you be standing tiring yourself in this way? Come to the fire, and be quiet until we have to go down."

"I would rather go to the window," said Emily, returning to her former position. "Please to raise it up, Laura, I am so warm."

"It is a delightful morning," said Laura, pushing up the sash; "the air is more like April than January." She drew a large arm-

stituted the fashionable world of J—, was perfectly aware that this marriage of Mr. Madison and Miss Blount was a "made match;" everybody, excepting Mr. Blount, who was not in the way of hearing gossip, particularly about his own daughter, had known all along that it was a match not at all to the taste of the bride; and she had been very much pitied at first. But people took it for granted that she had "become reconciled to the affair," and it was with a sudden thrill that Laura Ashby now connected her singular conduct with the recollection of her aversion to the marriage.

"Good Heavens!" thought she, aghast; and she went and sat down by the fire to think the matter over.

A thousand little circumstances unnoticed at the time of their occurrence started up to

corroborate the dreadful suspicion which had flashed upon her mind; and she was wringing her hands, metaphorically, over the miserable fate to which her poor friend was condemned, when the door opened, and a troop of bridesmaids were ushered in by Lucinda.

After exchanging a few sentences with Laura, they all followed her with gay words and laughter to offer their greetings to the bride, who still sat just as Laura had left her a few minutes before.

"She is asleep," whispered the first one who approached; and the rest moved softly, and spoke in low tones as they gathered around the chair.

"How lovely she looks!"

"Beautiful!"

"Exquisite!"

"Too pale!"

"Oh, she will have color when she becomes excited!"

Suddenly a silence fell over the circle—the silence of unconscious awe. She was so still. They looked at each other in surprise; then a chill doubt and terror came into their eyes, and they stood paralyzed.

It was at this moment that Lucinda approached the group, and, struck by the expression of all the faces before her, she pressed forward, as with an instinct of what was to come, gazed for an instant with starting eyes, then seized one of the white hands that hung loosely over the arm of the chair. A touch was sufficient. She fell on her knees before the motionless form, with a loud, piercing shriek that rang through the whole house, smote fearfully on the ears of the wedding-guests assembled in the drawing-room beneath, and, in the contagious panic of horror, was taken up and reëchoed by every one of the circle of girls around.

III.

Emily Blount had watched the sun rise that morning of her wedding-day in golden splendor; but clouds gathered at early noon, and the same sun sank to his rest in gloom and darkness. When the next day dawned there seemed a shadow over the heavens as deep as the pall of grief that had fallen on the house so suddenly changed from a house of joy to a house of mourning. The sky was one sombre gray; the air was still and damp. People who professed to understand the weather said that a heavy winter storm was coming on, which would last for days. There were speculations whether Emily Blount's funeral would not, or ought not, to take place that afternoon, as the weather was so threatening, the cemetery was a mile from town, and the road to it a desperately bad one after a rain. Everybody who entertained any interest on the subject—all the friends and acquaintances of the Blounts, that is to say—looked anxiously in the morning paper to see if there was a notice, but none appeared; and it was generally understood during the course of the morning that the funeral was appointed for the following day. About noon, however, there was a burial-paper carried round: the funeral would take place at three o'clock p. m. It soon transpired, further, that Mr. Blount had with difficulty been induced to consent to this change of arrange-

ment, on the representations of the physicians attending his wife, that, unless the body of her daughter was removed from the house very soon, they could not answer for her sanity, so violent was her grief and her remorse.

"No wonder Mrs. Blount feels remorse!" said Laura Ashby, as her brother sat down beside her in the carriage, to go to the funeral. "She is just as much Emily's murderer as if she had taken a knife and cut her throat!"

Then, with all the eloquence of grief and indignation, Laura proceeded to relate to her brother (who had returned home only two days previously, after a long absence, and consequently was not informed in the matter of the social gossip of J——) the whole history of the "match" over which Mrs. Blount had made so much rejoicing, and which had ended so tragically.

"O Duncan! if you had seen her smile, her face, as she looked up at me just before—"

The girl paused—her voice choked in tears.

"And she died of disease of the heart, it is thought?" asked Duncan, who was a physician, and naturally felt an interest in the subject of so unusual and sudden a death, but had had no opportunity of speaking to his sister about it before, as she had not been at home from the time of Emily's death until she returned half an hour before, to change her dress for the funeral.

"Of course it was disease of the heart," she answered. "The doctors said so—and what else could it have been? They were trying every thing to recover her yesterday morning; for the doctors thought at first that it might be merely a fainting-fit. But I knew better. I knew the instant I looked at her that she was dead! She was just as cold and rigid then—and it had not been ten minutes since she was speaking to me—just as cold and rigid as she is now. I want you to see her, Duncan; she looks so lovely!"

The carriage stopped at this moment. They alighted, and, entering the house, Laura led the way at once into the back drawing-room, where the body of Emily Blount was lying. It was before the days of burial-cases, and the top of the coffin had not yet been put on; the full-length figure was visible, in all the mocking glory of her bridal array.

"How beautiful!" was Duncan Ashby's first thought, as his eye rested on it; and then, with a sudden, sharp pain that surprised himself, he remembered a single line of poetry he had lately seen quoted in some novel he had been reading:

"Death holds not long his fairest guest unchanged."

The young man had been studying disease and death in all their numberless forms, in the hospitals of Paris, until like too many of his profession, he had come to practically regard the human body simply as a curious piece of mechanism animated by the vital principle. But he could not look at the form before him in this cold, abstract manner. He could only gaze on it as a vision of beauty such as he had never beheld before. There was not

the faintest shade of death's livid hue on the pure whiteness of the face; no sinking or sharpness of feature; there was, even, none of that peculiar expression around the lips, and in the fall of the eyelashes upon the cheek, which is the most invariable signet set by Death upon his victims. And yet it did not look like life, either. In both form and face there was a rigidity resembling marble more than flesh; and the complexion was unnaturally tintless; bloodlessly transparent as Parian. It seemed a thing that belonged neither to death nor to life—but, rather, to the realm of the beautiful in art; like

"Some bright creation of the Grecian chisel:
As cold, as pale, as passionless, as perfect."

How long Duncan Ashby remained in rapt contemplation of that lovely mould of clay, he could not have told. Indeed, he afterward had a very indistinct recollection of every thing that occurred during the following two hours. That double consciousness which often enables us to acquit ourselves creditably in word and manner, while our thoughts are far away from time and place, must have befriended him; for, notwithstanding that a very grave conflict was going on in his mind, no outward token betrayed it.

Though the hour was barely that of sunset when the long line of carriages that had followed Emily Blount's funeral, left the cemetery gate to return to town, the sky was so overcast that dusk had already fallen; and when Duncan Ashby and his sister arrived at home, it was quite dark. Dinner had been kept waiting for them, and to Duncan's satisfaction was served immediately. Laura, excusing herself on the plea of a bad headache, retired at once to her own room; and Mr. Ashby, *père*, though he had already dined, complacently sat down to keep his son company. He was rather shocked by the hasty manner in which Duncan dispatched the business. He ate—for he was hungry and needed his dinner—but he ate like a hungry man who was in a great hurry; and on rising from table surprised Mr. Ashby by leaving him for the evening. He had an engagement, he said, which would probably detain him out late; and so he would wish his father good-night before going.

A thin, drizzling rain had set in half an hour before, and had been increasing steadily in violence ever since; and consequently it was through a pelting shower that Duncan made his way to the house of Dr. Boyd, Mr. Blount's family physician. It chanced that the doctor, who was a widower, and kept whatever hours suited his convenience of the moment, having dined before going to the funeral, was just enjoying a substantial supper, in all the ease and comfort of dressing-gown and slippers. Duncan's ring at the door startled him to the indulgence in one or two expletives rather more emphatic than reverent, for he apprehended that it might be a professional call; and he felt irritated at the bare thought of having to leave his comfortable fireside—to say nothing of the whiskey-punch which was at that moment in process of brewing by his trusty housekeeper—and brave the inclement weather without.

But, on learning that it was a visitor instead of a call, he ordered the servant to show the young man in, and rose with the greatest cordiality to welcome him.

The first salutations over, Duncan, after declining supper, as he had just risen from dinner, proceeded at once to the business which had brought him through the rain and the night.

"Doctor," he said, with a smile, "do you know a sane man when you see him?"

The doctor's eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Just put your finger on my pulse, will you," said Duncan, extending his wrist—"and look me straight in the eyes. Well, are they the pulse and the eye of health, bodily and mental?"

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor again.

"I have come to you on an errand which I am afraid you will consider so insane that, before telling you what it is, I think it well to take the precautionary measure of convincing you that I am *compos mentis*."

"We'll say that I am convinced, then. Go on," said the doctor, whose curiosity was considerably excited.

"In a word, I doubt if the young lady who was buried this afternoon, is dead; and I have come to ask you to go with me, without loss of time, and examine whether my suspicion is correct."

"What!" cried the doctor, as soon as he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, his breath having been quite taken away by Duncan's astounding assertion and proposal. "What!"

Duncan repeated, a little more at length, what he had said before.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, "what has put such an idea into your head?"

"It is not an idea, but a doubt, that I entertain—a faint doubt, I will say—but, a doubt. And it seems to me an imperative duty to clear it up in time."

"Unquestionably," answered the doctor. "What are your grounds for this doubt?"

Duncan proceeded to explain, in technical phrase, certain slight appearances and indications which he had observed, without at the time attaching much importance to them—but which gradually acquired more and more weight in his estimation, until he finally resolved, while returning from the funeral, to lay them before Dr. Boyd, and entreat his assistance in the investigation which he himself was resolved to make.

"But why the d—!" said the doctor, impatiently, "didn't you speak at once? You thought the girl was alive, and yet said not a word against her being buried! I'll be d—d if that looks as if you were *compos mentis*!"

"Well, in the first place, as I told you, these symptoms, or indications, did not strike me very forcibly at the time that I observed them. You must be aware, doctor, that there is such a thing as *dormant perceptions*. I am afraid that I must acknowledge that, so long as I was looking at the body itself, I was con-

scious of nothing but its wonderful beauty. It was afterward, as I was looking at the picture it left on my memory, that the doubt came like a flash to my mind, 'Is not this a cataleptic trance?'"

Dr. Boyd looked thoughtful; and then he asked various questions, all of which Duncan answered readily.

"I wish to Heaven," he said, finally, "that you had spoken in time to save all this trouble, or else that your 'dormant perceptions' had remained dormant until to-morrow morning! A pretty task this is that you've set yourself and me, to go diving into a vault on a business of this sort, at night—and such a night! Well, how do you propose to proceed in the affair?" he concluded, resignedly.

"I leave that for you to decide," answered Duncan. "If you agree with me in thinking that, slight as my doubt is, it justifies, nay, demands an investigation, you can best decide what is to be done."

The doctor wrinkled his forehead, and spent some minutes in profound cogitation. Then he rose and rang the bell once—and, after an interval of a few seconds, rang it again, twice.

"Bring round the barouche, Tony," he said to the man-servant who first appeared—and who, with a not well-pleased "Yes, sir," disappeared as a woman-servant entered. "Clarinda," said the doctor—"ah, you've brought the punch—just in good time.—Take a glass, Duncan!—Clarinda, I am going out, and may bring back with me, in half an hour or a little longer, a— a sick person. Have a room ready—with a good fire and a warm bed, and have plenty of hot water and hot bricks on hand, so as to be ready for any emergency. And, hark you! don't be scared at any thing you may see when I return. Bring my boots, coat, and overcoat."

With a heart-felt sigh, he put off his dressing-gown and slippers, induced the out-door costume, and, after paying his respects to the punch, he and Duncan sallied forth. They found the barouche and Tony waiting. The latter, to his great joy, having been informed that his attendance was not required, they entered the carriage and drove off at a pace which soon brought them to the door of the small house near the cemetery, which was occupied by the sexton who had charge of the place. By a considerable expenditure of time, patience, and argument, this personage was convinced that their errand to Mr. Blount's family vault was not of an illegitimate and nefarious nature. It took all the weight of Dr. Boyd's character to reassure the natural distrust with which the sexton regarded the medical profession in connection with burial-grounds. Finally, however, his scruples were satisfied—more particularly as he was invited to inspect their proceedings with his own eyes—and, taking his dark lantern in one hand, and his keys in the other, he preceded the two gentlemen along the winding gravel-walk which led to their point of destination. In a few minutes they found themselves within the vault.

It was a dank, dismal place, ill ventilated, and consequently very damp; paved and walled with brick, and surrounded on three sides by a shelf of about two feet in

width, on which was deposited half a score or so of coffins, some of which had mouldered almost to dust, while others were perfectly sound apparently, though all but the one which had been so recently deposited were mouldy and mildewed. Having lighted the candles which they had brought, and so disposed them as to throw a good light over their further proceedings, they, with the assistance of the sexton, lifted the coffin which they came to inspect from the shelf to the floor. The lid was unscrewed, and, after exchanging one glance, they lifted it from the shell.

There was no change in the appearance of the body. Dr. Boyd touched the brow, the hands; drew forth a pocket-mirror, and, holding it before the nostrils, examined carefully to see whether the glass was dimmed. Then he shook his head.

"We have our labor for our pains," he said, in a low tone. "Still I am glad we came. After you had once put that ugly thought of burying alive into my head, I could not have rested until I convinced myself, by ocular demonstration, that there was no danger of such a thing. I suppose you are satisfied now? I am, and I think we had better close the coffin and go."

"Stop a moment," said Duncan. "I will be satisfied, doctor, with two more tests. Try the first yourself; put your hand under the armpits, and see if there is the same chill there as here." He pointed to the brow.

Dr. Boyd did as requested. With some difficulty he insinuated his fingers between the arm and the chest, on the outside of the clothing. His face changed a little. He thought or he imagined that there was not that penetrating chill of death here. To decide the point, he opened his penknife, and, with a hand that trembled slightly, he inserted the blade in the edge of the dress at the throat, and cut through the lace, silk, and linen, that enveloped the bust. He placed his hand first over the heart, waited patiently, examined closely, and again shook his head.

"The armpits!" said Duncan.

The doctor pushed his hand slowly along, finally paused and started; then, with almost a bound, he exclaimed, "By Heaven, you are right! there is warmth—she is not dead!"

"Now, see here," said Duncan. He lifted her right hand, straightening the elbow, and putting the fingers into the position of pointing at the other side of the vault; after which he withdrew his hold of it, and it remained precisely as he had placed it.

"Catalepsy!" said Dr. Boyd. "God bless you—you have saved her!"

Yes, she was saved, but not without much suffering. For months she labored under the disease by which she had been so suddenly attacked, and which had so nearly caused to her the horrible fate from which Duncan Ashby's "doubt" rescued her. Skill and time conquered it eventually, however; and, when health again bloomed in her cheek, a second wedding-day dawned for her. And this time Mr. Madison was not the bridegroom.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE."

CHAPTER XIX.

LADY SWEETAPPLE RECOVERS, AND DISCOVERS SOMETHING.

"THANK Heaven! if she is really ill, she will have to go to bed, or not be able to appear at luncheon, and lose the drive to King Edward's Oak this afternoon."

At which combination of pleasant thoughts Florry laughed outright, and ran up-stairs like a gazelle to her own old school-room.

"I think she is provided for, for the day, or at least till dinner-time," were her words to Alice, a moment after. "How nice it will be, if you and I, and Edward and Harry, and Colonel and Mrs. Barker, and mamma and Count Pantouffles, all go in the break to King Edward's Oak!"

"O Florry, how very unkind you are!" said Alice. "Do you know, I wish with all my heart she may throw off her faintness, come down to luncheon, and go with us to the Oak?"

"If you go on so," said Florry, "I'll throw this piece of soap at your head! You know I don't wish her any real harm; but it's very hard to think she is always pushing herself in between me and Harry."

"I don't like revenge," said Alice; "but, for all that, I hope you will not throw that piece of soap at my head."

"I've a great mind to," said Florry; and, just as she was working it about in her hands, it slipped between her fingers and slid away under a chest of drawers.

"How provoking!" said Alice; "and it was my pet piece."

"Never mind," said Florry; "Palmer will find it, I am sure. There's the gong; let us run down and enjoy ourselves while we can."

So they both ran down, as merry as larks, and had a long story to tell of their adventures to Lady Carlton, and the count, and Mr. Beeswing.

Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram had not yet made their appearance.

"Do you know, mamma," said Florry, "we have had such a nice walk, and it was so hot, and the road was so dusty, and Miss Markham was so kind, and we ate so many strawberries; and at last, just as we were coming away, poor Lady Sweetapple turned quite faint from stooping down so much to pick the strawberries, and she would have fallen if Mr. Fortescue had not caught her in his arms; and we were all so frightened, and her pretty hat was so crushed; and Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Vernon carried her along the road in a chair, and then I and Mr. Fortescue held her up on either side till we got home, and now she has gone to bed, and—"

At this moment the door opened; and, to the amazement of the party, and especially of Florry, Lady Sweetapple walked into the room, as lovely as ever, and with no trace of faintness on her face.

"Dear Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, "here Florry has been giving us such a doleful account of your faintness, and, just as she had put you to bed, you make your appearance as if nothing whatever had happened!"

"You must put down a good deal of it to Miss Carlton's imagination," said Lady Sweetapple, with a slight sneer. "The truth is, that I was very faint for a while; but now I am quite well, thanks to the kindness of the whole party, who were so good to me."

"I am so glad it was a false alarm, so far as I am concerned," said Lady Carlton; "and now let us go to luncheon."

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Marjoram appeared; he looking as miserable as though he had read "The Whole Duty of Man" as well as the "Book of Homilies," and she with an air of serene triumph, like an early martyr rejoicing that he would soon be broiled on a gridiron.

Now Colonel Barker, though a very gallant officer and most polite gentleman, was not always famous for discretion. As soon as he saw Mr. Marjoram, he broke out:

"Why, Marjoram, you have made another conquest! Miss Markham inquired very tenderly after you, and she is coming to dine here again to-day on purpose to see you. You are a lucky fellow!"

At these words the countenance of Mr. Marjoram assumed an expression much more rueful than that of Don Quixote in his most agonizing moments; we doubt whether that famous knight looked half so chapfallen even when he heard that a magician had flown away with his library of knightly romance. As for Mrs. Marjoram, the chastened severity of the early Christian martyr gave place to the malignity of his heathen persecutors. Had she been Empress of Rome at that moment, in the second century, she would have hurled her husband to the lions, and roasted Miss Markham before a slow fire. As it was, she could only give vent to her feelings by uttering the word "Indeed!" in reply to Colonel Barker, and by treading violently on her husband's great toe, on which was a bunion which would have given the chiropodist of the Emperor of Cornucopia full employment for a whole week. Poor Mr. Marjoram said nothing but "My dear!" but he winced visibly and groaned audibly.

"Do you think, dear Lady Sweetapple," said Lady Carlton, "that you will be equal to the drive to King Edward's Oak, and that you can sit on the grass there while we have tea?"

"Oh, yes," said Lady Sweetapple; "I am quite well again. Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

So it was settled they were all to go, down to Mr. Marjoram.

But how were they to go? They could not walk, at least none of the ladies could walk; for the Oak was a long way off, quite at the other end of the chase, and the way thither led over many a hill and dell across the fern and heath.

"Some of us will drive, and some ride," said Lady Carlton; "and I hope to have the pleasure of showing you my ponies, and how well I can drive them, Lady Sweetapple. The

carriage will hold three, and I propose that Count Pantouffles shall go with us."

Now, if Amicia had told the truth, she would have said, "I should like to go in the same carriage with Harry Fortescue;" but, for reasons which you all understand, she could not say so, and she had to say, "It will be very charming. I should like it very much."

"One of you girls, I dare say, would like to ride; which shall it be?"

"I should like to ride," said Alice, who knew that, as soon as she said that, Edward Vernon would wish to ride at her side.

"I do not wish to ride," said Florry, who saw in the arrangement which disposed of Lady Sweetapple a chance of being side by side with Harry Fortescue in another carriage.

"You can't ride alone, my dear," said Lady Carlton to Alice.—Mr. Marjoram, would you like to ride?"

"Very much, indeed," said Mr. Marjoram, who knew that Mrs. Marjoram could not ride, and so hoped to escape for a little while from his tormentor.

"And I should like to ride, if I may," said Edward Vernon, very meekly.

"Very well," said Lady Carlton, "that will do nicely. Mr. Marjoram, Mr. Vernon, and Alice will ride, and the rest of the party can go in the break. So it is all arranged; and now let us hope that there will be no thunder-storm to mar our pleasure."

"Who can say?" said Colonel Barker. "It's just as sultry as I ever felt it in India."

This was the signal for the party to rise. Such heat was quite bad enough, without the bore of listening to the Colonel's Indian experiences.

"We haven't much time to get ready," said Lady Carlton. "I have ordered the carriages at a quarter to four, and it is now past three."

Not much time indeed! only about three-quarters of an hour. But what is that when spent by a woman like Lady Sweetapple in making herself bewitching, and in pondering how she should spring her mine on Harry Fortescue about Miss Edith Price?

To tell the truth, the more she thought of that rather mythical young lady—who, after all, might not even be young—the less she liked it. Sometimes she said to herself that Edith Price must be nobody, then she was sure she must be somebody—one of the Welsh Prices, or Price-Prices, who, as is well known, were descended from the first gorilla that inhabited Wales when it was a tropical country, and consequently looked down upon all other gorillas. Then she said that could never be. Welsh ladies of good family and broad acres never lived in Lupus Street. The end of it was, she could make nothing of Edith Price, and remained as wise as she had been before.

All this passed through her mind as Mrs. Crump was getting her ready for her drive in the pony-carriage; and we really must say, though the fair Amicia was generally very good-tempered, on this occasion she was a little put out because she could not have her way. The same thing happens to all of us sometimes, so we must not be too hard on Lady Sweetapple.

Then, too, there was that little fainting-fit when she suddenly heard the name of Mr. Sonderling at Miss Markham's cottage. The reader is no doubt impatient to have that mystery explained, but he must be gentle and wait, for it is quite impossible to explain every thing in the first volume of a novel. If it were, all the novels in the world would be one-volume—a thing as much out of fashion as an old single-barrelled flint-gun.

With regard to Mr. Sonderling, all that Lady Sweetapple said when she regained her room after luncheon was:

"It is not very pleasant to meet him here, but I am not at all afraid of him;" and with this declaration the reader must rest content till we think it good to enlighten the darkness of his mind. Of another "him" Lady Sweetapple thought and mused a good deal while Mrs. Crump was adorning her, but all her thoughts came to this: how much she would have given to be going to King Edward's Oak in the break, and how determined she was to have it out with him about Edith Price before the day was out.

The rest of the ladies spent the three-quarters of an hour in various ways; some in dressing, some in reading, some in writing letters. Mrs. Barker sat down and wrote to her faithful cook and housekeeper, saying that she and the colonel would not be back till Tuesday or Wednesday, and to mind and look after the maids, and to give the house into the custody of the police during their absence; she was to be sure and have it thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned from top to bottom, and it would be just as well to send for the chimney-sweeps, and to have the portico washed down by the painter. Mrs. Marjoram also wrote a letter home to her female factotum; but it said nothing about Mr. Marjoram, or of cleanliness and tidiness. It was all about godliness—which, in that house in Great Cumberland Street, was not next to cleanliness, whatever it may be in other abodes—and enclosed a tract entitled "The Maid-of-all-Work's only Master," which bore on its title-page the name of the Reverend Jabez Knagger, and purported to have been thrown down areas and similarly distributed to the tune of fifty thousand. Lady Carlton read the last *Quarterly*; Florry and Alice wrote letters; and, as letter-writing is infectious, Edward Vernon wrote a long letter to another idle apprentice in the Temple; and Harry Fortescue had the audacity to sit down in the library, and, in the face of man and light of day, to write a letter. And to whom do you think it was addressed? Why, of all people in the world, to "Miss Edith Price!"

Now, of course, we know what is inside that letter just as much as if we had written it ourselves. But, for all that, we are not going to satisfy vulgar curiosity by allowing any reader to pry into a lady's private letters. For the present they must be content with the fact that Miss Edith Price was no invention of Mr. Besswing's valet, but a real being of flesh and blood, and actually living at No. — Lupus Street, Pinlico.

When they had all done their letters, or almost before they had finished them, in limped Mr. Podager to tell "my lady" that "the carriages is ready and the horses at the

door." Away they all rushed up-stairs to get ready, and this was how it happened that Amicia met them all running up the slippery staircase just as she was tripping down it, in the full flush of fashion and beauty, to find herself in the hall the only person really ready of the whole party at a quarter to four.

Now we hope to be believed when we say that Lady Sweetapple was not at all a curious woman. She was not one of that prying sort of whom you have to beware when you are writing letters, lest they should stand behind you with the eyes of lynxes and read all your secrets behind your back. Still, she was reasonably curious, as most men and women are; and so, when Mr. Podager brought a lot of letters for the post in his hand out of the drawing-room and put them into the "post-office," as a great china dish in the hall was called, asking her at the same time whether she had any letters for the post, the thought arose in her mind that other people might have written letters, though she had not, and those people soon resolved themselves in her mind into one person, and that person Harry Fortescue. "No, I have no letters," and then, as the tardy Podager limped off, she said to herself:

"I wonder if Harry Fortescue has written letters to anybody?"

With such thoughts in her head, though it was very mean and very wicked, Lady Sweetapple went to the dish and began to turn over the letters. You see, of course, what a dangerous woman she was; and if she ever stays in your house, you will have to turn all your letters direction down, lest she should see with whom you are corresponding.

"Mrs. Jawkins, Petersburg Place, Paddington, W.;" that was Mrs. Barker's letter. "I don't care for that," said Lady Sweetapple to herself. "Mrs. Tody, 10 Great Cumberland Street, W." "Nor for that." It was Mrs. Marjoram's letter enclosing the tract.

So Amicia went on sorting the letters, like a lovely little post-mistress, in a careless way, till all at once she started just as Robinson Crusoe started when he saw the savage footprint in the sand.

"Miss Edith Price, No. — Lupus Street, London, S. W.," and in Harry's handwriting too! What a horrible confirmation of that valet's story; and Lady Sweetapple, having, like listeners, and eavesdroppers, and pryers into secrets in general, found out something very unpleasant by the process, retreated from the dish and the hall into the library, and sat down for a moment to recover her feelings; for, to tell the truth, she felt almost as faint as when she had heard Mr. Sonderling's name in the old maid's cottage.

Before we proceed, pray observe what a splendid opportunity we have lost. If this had been a sensational instead of a true and rational story, Lady Sweetapple would have stolen Harry Fortescue's letter, and rendered her dear little self liable to penal servitude. She would have torn it open, read it, perhaps answered it in a feigned hand, which would have deceived Harry Fortescue. In despair he might have committed suicide. Edward Vernon, out of love for him, would have followed his example; and Alice Carlton, for the same reason, would have taken prussic

acid or cyanide of potassium. Having caused so much mischief, Lady Sweetapple would have confessed her fault, been brought to trial, and sentenced to pick oakum for three years at Coldbath-fields or Millbank Prison. Florry Carlton would have died an old maid, or married a curate, or something very "detrimental;" and as for the gray hairs of Sir Thomas and Lady Carlton, they would have gone down in care and sorrow to the grave. All this might have happened if Lady Sweetapple had not been restrained by the usages of society; but, though she might read an address by stealth, she had not yet got so far as stealing letters; and so there she sat, in great mortification of spirit, till she heard the others chattering like starlings in the hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLARA HARLOWE BARTON.

IN the biographies of living persons already published in the *JOURNAL*, we have had occasion to commemorate those whose great services to their country or the world had made it eminently appropriate that their history should be recorded. To-day we bring forward the name of a woman conspicuous for such deeds of charity and philanthropy as it seldom falls to the lot of any to be able to accomplish; and in giving the brief biography of one whose rare tact and skill have saved the lives of thousands of wounded soldiers, whose wise and systematic plans have rescued a large city from impending starvation, and whose organizing power and executive ability have been heartily recognized by the rulers and princes of other and distant nations, we rejoice in being able to say that she is one of our own countrywomen.

Born in Oxford, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in the fourth decade of the present century, Miss Barton passed her childhood and early youth in a quiet, pleasant country-home, always noted for her kindness and helpfulness to others, even when their burdens were no heavier than her own. Amid many interruptions, and, with but limited opportunities, she managed to acquire a very thorough English education, to which were subsequently added the modern languages and that wide familiarity with English literature which all who know her must have remarked. She had, also, from the circumstances in which she was placed, acquired a good business education, was an expert accountant, and at home in most of the forms of business transactions. Like most well-educated New-England girls, she taught school for two or three years, and developed a remarkable aptitude for organizing and controlling the young, and for imparting instruction with rapidity and precision. This was particularly evident at Bordentown, New Jersey, where she organized the first successful public school in that beautiful village, and, within a few weeks after her experiment was commenced, had six hundred pupils on her rolls. Over-exertion and consequent ill-health drove her from this sphere of usefulness, and, in 1854, she spent some time at Washington, D. C., where she was surprised by receiving, through a distant relative then

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in Congress, an appointment in the Patent Office, where she was employed in abridging original papers and preparing records for publication. This labor, not previously committed to a woman's hands, she executed to the full satisfaction of the commissioner, and so rapidly, that, being paid by the piece, she was soon in receipt of a handsome income. She was removed from office, in 1857, on the charge of entertaining antislavery sentiments, and returned to Massachusetts, where her time was spent in study and in the exercise of practical benevolence.

The care of the sick had often come upon her, and she felt that she had a vocation for it. During the three years which followed—1857-'60—she pursued, among other studies, those which would qualify her to be successful in the work of nursing and caring for those who were afflicted with long and serious illness.

In the winter of 1860-'61 she returned to Washington, where she had many friends, and was a deeply-interested witness of the scenes which led to the opening of the civil war. She was the first woman in Washington to minister to the wounded men of the Sixth Massachusetts militia, brought there after the deadly affray of April 19, 1861, in Baltimore; and she first also to provide a plentiful supply of palatable food for the other members of the same regiment, many of whom were from the vicinity of her own early home, and some of whom had been her pupils.

From this time forth the patriotic longing to do something for her country, which had possessed her soul since the first whispers of the impending conflict, ripened into a determination to devote herself thenceforward to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers, so far as was consistent with the delicacy and refinement of a true woman. There was no romance, though there may have been enthusiasm, in this resolution. She knew, better than most women, how much of discomfort, privation, and hardship, there was in this service. She did not know, until taught by after-experience, the happiness imparted by such work, when entered upon from high and noble principle; but she felt that her country demanded the sacrifice, and she made it willingly.

And so, during the weary weeks of the first half of that summer of 1861, as the Washington hospitals and infirmaries began to fill up with the men who had dropped out, from sickness, of the incoming regiments, she and a few other like-minded women toiled on steadily, visiting and caring for these waifs and strays of the three-months' men, in those ill-ordered and badly-arranged hospitals. There was no romance or poetry in this work; for the most part the men were not sick enough to awaken anxiety in regard to their fate, and they were generally ignorant, home-sick boys, who had but crude ideas of the causes of the struggle, or their own duties in reference to it.

Midsummer came, and the three-months' regiments having mostly come in, there was little to rouse the inhabitants of the capital from the apathy which broods over the city in summer. There had been, it is true, rumors of an approaching battle; the undisciplined

troops, who believed themselves a match for any army in the world, had loudly vaunted what they would do, and thousands had gone out to see the fight; when the whole city was startled into an agony of rage, fear, and despair, by the tidings of the disaster of Bull Run. From early dawn to midnight of that gloomy 19th of July, there was the continuous tramp, tramp of the fugitives, and the returning regiments, through Washington; the earliest comers, the cowards and stragglers from the fight, loudly declaring that all was lost, with an air of bravado, which showed how little they cared. For these little pity was felt or expressed; but when there marched by the really brave and well-behaved troops, through whose good conduct it was that the Union army but just missed a victory more complete than the disaster it suffered, men with grave, sad faces, filled with humiliation for a defeat which they had struggled so desperately to avert, veritable "knights of the sorrowful countenance," there was evidently no good reason why they should be treated with scorn, or their good conduct pass unheeded.

So, at least, felt Miss Barton and her friends, and, though their tears would fall at the thought of the national humiliation, they gave kindly greeting to these defeated but not vanquished heroes, as they marched past them; and to many of them these words of cheer were very precious. "Our countrywomen, at all events, have not lost faith in us," said they, and the thought nerved them to after-deeds of valor, which a cold and contemptuous reception would have rendered forever impossible. There was abundant work for Miss Barton now; the hospitals were filled with the wounded and dying from this and other battle-fields; while the grand army, which gathered under McClellan's command in the autumn of 1861, left at its various resting-points hundreds of sick men who had fallen out of the ranks, and who, when practicable, were forwarded to Washington for distribution to their regiments when recovered.

While attending faithfully to her duties at the hospitals, and working independently of the various commissions and State or national organizations, which were multiplying, after our American fashion, for this hospital work, the question often agitated Miss Barton's mind whether she would be justified in going alone to the field and camp hospitals, which were even now being established, in her work of mercy. Others were going as the nurses and employees of the Sanitary Commission, or local or State aid societies, and so had a guarantee of protection from possible rudeness and insult; but she felt that she could work most efficiently alone, and the question was, whether her purity of motive, her dignity and yet kindness of manner, would be a sufficient armor-of-proof in the positions in which she would be placed. Any reproach which might be incurred by her in-adventure, would fall, not on her alone, but upon the whole sisterhood of voluntary nurses, and she shrunk from the responsibility of being the *Una* who should thus go forth to meet the lion; yet she saw that duty lay in that direction. For the time being,

however, the decision was postponed; she was called from her hospital work to attend the dying-bed of her aged father, now eighty-eight years of age. Nearly three months of sweet yet sad communion with him were allowed her, and, when all was over, and she returned, in March, 1862, to her work at the Washington hospitals, it was with a loftier faith, a purpose chastened and purified by affliction, and an unfaltering trust in the protecting power of that God who had, as she felt, called her to this work.

Washington had ceased to be the best field for the practical philanthropist, with the removal of the Army of the Potomac from its vicinity; yet, as many of the wounded were sent from Yorktown, Williamsburg, White House, and the Chickahominy swamps, to its great hospitals, now, under the direction of the new surgeon-general, beginning to be admirably managed, she toiled on there until late in the summer, when, with some friends, she started for Culpepper Court-house with a car-load of supplies, to meet the wounded from the battle of Cedar Mountain. A few days of painful interest and incessant activity passed here, and she returned to Washington for a fresh outfit to meet the tide of battle now rolling toward Washington at Manassas, Centreville, and Chantilly. Her personal courage was tested at the last-named battle: the field-hospital, where she was ministering to the wounded, had been under fire for hours, and the surgeons, panic-stricken by the report of the defeat and rapid retreat of the Union army, had commenced packing their instruments, and urged her to fly with them, and leave the wounded to the care of the enemy; she refused to go a step until all the wounded who could be moved had been carried out of harm's way, and then, following them, she saw them all safely brought to Washington hospitals. There was no time for rest. The chief quartermaster, General Rucker, had had conclusive evidence of her executive ability and practical wisdom in caring for the wounded; and he felt justified in filling her requisitions, for such articles as she needed, from the Government stores, for the approaching battles in Maryland. Her selection, while differing materially from the requisitions of the surgeons, was admirable, though, as subsequent events proved, less in quantity than the terrible slaughter required. The great battle of Antietam was fought, September 17, 1862; and, from early dawn of that day till long past midnight, Miss Barton was on the field or in its immediate vicinity, in a deserted farm-house and its barns (most of the time under fire), to which the wounded of the Ninth Army Corps were brought. To bring on reaction from the first shock of severe wounds, she put to the lips of the wounded men pieces of soft bread (of which she had purchased a large supply on her way up to the battle-field from Washington) dipped in wine; from her own stores and some meal found in the farm-house, she made barrels of gruel and broths for the nourishment of those who could only take liquid food, and, with her bandages and stimulants, she aided the surgeons in their rapid surgical operations. Night fell, and the surgeons had but a piece of candle to

dispel the darkness of that fearful night for the hundreds of wounded that strewed the floors of house and barns, and there was danger that many would perish before the morning's dawn; but Miss Barton quietly brought down from her wagons an unlimited supply of candles and lanterns, which her provident thoughtfulness had taught her would be needed, and the wounded were not left to die in the darkness. Three days of such work as this was too much for even her vigorous constitution, and, when other supplies and nurses came, she entered her ambulance, and with great difficulty reached Washington, where for several weeks she was seriously ill. On the 28d of October she was again in her ambulance, accompanied by a train of six heavily-laden wagons of supplies, and directed her course to the Army of the Potomac, then just crossing the river at Harper's Ferry. By her dignity and firmness, she subdued a mutiny among her teamsters, and thoroughly attached them to her service for the months that followed. Overtaking the army, she joined the Ninth Army Corps again, and, for the six weeks that followed, her train, with the addition of such supplies as the foragers could gather, formed the only hospital-kitchen and larder of that corps, and of the wounded from the frequent skirmishes in the long march. At two or three points she also supplied the enemy's hospitals, the wounded in which had been left to the tender mercy of our troops.

She was in Fredericksburg and Falmouth during the disastrous battle of December 13, 1862, and the subsequent movements of the Union army, and was the lady-superintendent of the hospital of the Ninth Army Corps. Her experiences here were often perilous, sometimes full of pathos, and occasionally ludicrous. She knew, from the testimony of a dying Confederate lieutenant, a prisoner, whose last hours she had made comfortable, that the hospital building, as well as every street in which the Union troops were moving, was commanded by the enemy's cannon, and that the order to fire was liable to be given at any moment when they should become satisfied that there were no more troops to come into Fredericksburg; yet she refused to leave her post until the wounded were all secretly removed to a place of safety across the river, and did not go until she had seen the furniture and valuables of the dwellings in which the hospital was situated deposited safely in the buildings, where they could be reclaimed by their owners when they returned. Her views on this question of private plunder in war-time were very decided. She would not call it by any other name than theft, and in all her hospital experiences she never appropriated, under any temptation or specious plea, the property of others, except such articles as were contraband of war and needed for the care and nourishment of the sick and wounded, and even these only on the order of the officer in command.

After many weeks of wearisome toil and privation in the camp-hospitals at Falmouth, Miss Barton sailed for Hilton Head in the spring of 1863, and for eight months her home was in a tent on the deep and heated sands of Morris Island. During the pro-

tracted siege of Charleston, and the destruction of Forts Wagner, Gregg, and Sumter, she was at her post, ministering to the wounded from the assaults on Wagner and the numerous sick from that trying climate, living on the army rations, and, though often ill herself, always ready to aid and care for the suffering soldiers. The position was one of extreme trial, and often of great peril and physical suffering; but she did not falter in her work. A few weeks of rest in the winter of 1864 were sufficient to enable her to enter, with renewed zeal, on her preparations for what she foresaw would be the great campaign of the war. Her wide circle of friends gave liberally in money and supplies, and, when the campaign opened, she was promptly on the ground at Belle Plain and Fredericksburg, the secondary bases of the army. But the slaughter of those terrible days in the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, was so far beyond any previous experience or expectation that she was obliged, for the first time, to appeal to her friends at the North for further aid. That appeal, so full of the eloquence of intense feeling and sympathy, produced the desired effect, and it was not necessary to repeat it. After the change of base, she became attached to the Army of the James, and, having a recognized position there as lady-superintendent of its hospitals in the field, she was able to accomplish a great work for the sick and wounded of that army. In January, 1865, she was recalled to Washington by the sickness and death of a brother and nephew, and did not again join the army in the field.

But her work did not cease with the termination of the war. Her army labors had gained for her a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and she was in the constant receipt of letters of inquiry concerning missing men in the army, of whose fate their friends could learn nothing. After making fruitless attempts to obtain the desired information from the Government records and pay-rolls, she organized and conducted, at her own expense, for nearly two years, a "Bureau of Records of Missing Men in the Armies of the United States," a work of great labor, and which, if it did not restore their lost ones to these mourning families, at least gave to thousands of them a certainty for an uncertainty, and in many instances enabled them to learn the circumstances of their death, and to identify and reclaim their bodies. In this connection Miss Barton visited most of the cemeteries of the South in which dead soldiers and Union prisoners were buried, and aided in identifying and marking their graves. In 1867 Congress directed the War Department to take this bureau under its own charge, and appropriated fifteen thousand dollars to reimburse Miss Barton's expenditure upon it.

Her army work being thus completed, Miss Barton consented, at the urgent solicitation of friends, to give some reminiscences of her army experiences, in the form of lectures, in the winters of 1867, '68, and '69. She possessed all the qualifications for a good public speaker, and her addresses were highly popular, and drew large audiences. But lecturing in public was not to her taste. Her intensely-

practical nature could only be satisfied with *doing*, not with *talking* of what had been done. In 1869 she sailed for Europe, in part to visit some very dear friends, who, during the war, had been under her care. Her reputation had preceded her in Europe; she was welcomed everywhere; and when, in July, 1870, the Franco-German War commenced, with but the slightest premonitions, she was the guest of the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. At the request of the duchess, she organized the hospital which was subsequently under the superintendence of her highness, and was soon called on to engage in similar service for other of the German princesses. She also bore an active part in the establishment of the ambulance (or, as we should have called it, the Sanitary Commission) service of the German armies. Her thorough familiarity with the processes and supplies necessary for this work made her services invaluable.

But she had a yet greater work to perform. Strasbourg capitulated on the 27th of September, 1870, but its gates were not open to the German army till the 29th, and with them, on that day, Miss Barton entered the city, not to participate in the triumph over a captured fortress, nor to coldly mark the ruin which the siege had brought upon it, but to bring practical help to the starving, and enable those who could work to help themselves. Its condition was wretched indeed. "Twenty thousand of its inhabitants were without the shadow of a roof above their heads, an ounce of food, or an article of clothing, save that in which they had rushed from their burning homes; and all were without either work or pay." In the hope of preventing, at first, starvation, and, later, wholesale beggary, she instituted a system of work for women, by which the more intelligent were paid for making clothing to be distributed among the more wretched. In this manner she kept employed an average of more than two hundred and fifty women during nearly eight months, producing about fifteen hundred garments each week, suitable for men, women, and children, and, as fast as completed, they were distributed among those whose need was greatest. These workwomen were mostly mothers of families, or those who had several dependent upon them, and the pay they received, which was liberal, was sufficient to enable them to keep more than twelve hundred persons from suffering, while the thirty thousand garments cut under Miss Barton's own supervision, and made by the hands of these poor women, went far toward supplying the needy of the city with comfortable clothing. The means for this expenditure were throughout advanced by Miss Barton, but a considerable portion of the amount was subsequently reimbursed to her by the *Comité de Secours* of Strasbourg. When at last her work at Strasbourg was completed, and the city restored measurably to its old prosperity, Miss Barton left it and entered Paris on the 30th of May, while the ruins of the buildings fired by the Communists were still smoking, having sent forward, the day previous, several thousand garments from Strasbourg to be distributed among the wretched sufferers by the destructive measures of the Commune. She remained six weeks in Paris, distributing not

only this clothing, but a portion of the money which had been raised in New York for the relief of the French, and which had been intrusted to her for distribution. She then visited Lyons, and, after a brief rest, which her constant labors had rendered necessary, traversed the region desolated by the war in Eastern France, from Dijon to the Rhine, taking in the vicinity of Belfort and other fortified places, and the track along which Bourbaki thrust his army into Switzerland. The distribution of one of the American relief funds, intended for this part of France, has been intrusted to her, and it could not have been put in more judicious hands. The people of Strasbourg, in their gratitude, have undertaken the erection of a memorial statue of their benefactress in the town-hall of their city.

In person Miss Barton is of about medium height, a brunette in complexion, with dark but expressive eyes, and a form and figure which, though well rounded, indicate great powers of endurance. She is not technically beautiful, but her features have much expression, and she possesses, unconsciously, that magnetic power which attracts others to her, and makes them ready to do her bidding. Her executive ability is remarkable. As Dr. Bellows once said of her: "Had she belonged to the other sex, she would have been a merchant-prince, a great general, or a trusted political leader." She is, beyond most women, a skilful organizer; and, from her strictly practical turn of mind, she is able to comprehend beforehand all the probable necessities of a situation, and to provide for them in an orderly way, as few men could do. We are not inclined to give her credit for great imaginative power; and, though she is a forcible and elegant writer, she would doubtless find it more difficult to write a purely imaginative work than to organize a sanitary commission, with all its details, for the entire German army. Her voice is soft, low, and of great sweetness. There is nothing of the Amazon or the "advanced woman" in her manners or appearance; though not lacking in self-possession, she is modest, retiring, and ladylike.

Miss Barton is, in many respects, a representative woman. Few, if any, now living, have accomplished as much as she, in the sphere upon which she has entered; but there were, during our late war, on one side or the other, nearly ten thousand women who, according to the measure of their ability, devoted themselves to the service of their country, and to ministration to the needs of its defenders.

Some of these were patient toilers, not endowed with great gifts, but having loving, tender, and generous hearts, and, after the war, having done their work faithfully, they returned to the duties of home, family, or kindred, or, perhaps, laid them down to die, content that they had served God and their country. Wherever their graves may be, they should be honored as those of martyrs in a blessed and glorious work.

Others there were of greater abilities and equal devotion, who, either in the stress and heat of the great conflict, or soon after its close, sank into the grave, unable, with their delicate organization, to bear the terrible

strain upon heart and brain; but in their brief lives they had accomplished more than many who have seen the snows of a hundred winters.

Others, still, were women of superior education and often of wealth, who, at the outbreak of the war, first found their true vocation. They looked back in wonder at their former gayety and frivolity, and felt, for the first time, perhaps, in their lives, that life was real and earnest. With unflagging zeal, and with rare judgment and ability, they applied themselves to the various departments of work to which they were called in connection with the war. Some of these women had been left widows early, and had found a solace for their grief in these zealous philanthropic labors; others, young and happily married, were yet, from some peculiar circumstances, largely exempt from the cares of the family, or those household duties which in general occupy so large a share of the wife's time and thoughts. Others, still, were unmarried, and this from choice, as a grander ideal filled their souls, and made them indifferent to earthly ties.

During the war, these all had their hearts and hands full, and their work was nobly accomplished. In every department in which their powers were tested, they were found equal in skill, though not always in strength and power of endurance, to the men with whom they were brought into comparison.

The war ended, and then came a needed season of rest. Then, with their health restored, their minds quickened into preternatural activity by their past experience, and their hearts aglow with sympathy for human suffering, the question came, What should they do? How should this tide of sympathy, this consciousness of intellectual ability, expend itself? Some there were who said: "Woman's highest sphere is in the home. The wife and mother are the true and appropriate types of womanhood." This was partially true; but it was not an answer to the questions which were perplexing the souls of these women. To by far the greater number of women, it is true that home, with its cares and joys, is their highest and best sphere of action. The relations of wife and mother are too pure and too holy ever to be the object of jest or contempt.

But there are those, and the number is not few, who, from circumstances or from choice, are indisposed to enter upon the marriage relation. Their way may be lonely, but they prefer it. There are also those who, having once known the sweetness of a well-ordered home, are left early, or in middle life, to the desolation of a childless widowhood, and who have no inclination to part with the treasured memories of a first marriage for the uncertainties of a second. To such as these, to speak of marriage as their only true vocation, is a mockery. The Roman Catholic Church has been wise in its way, in providing a home and a calling for this class; for, though, except in its charitable orders, there is little to call forth the higher powers and faculties of these women in the nun's life, yet the firm persuasion that the sacrifice they make in entering a convent is acceptable to God, goes far to satisfy the soul. But the question does admit of an

answer, which, while it is compatible with a noble and generous ambition, assures to its subject a high degree of usefulness and mental activity.

We do not wonder, though we lament for their own sakes, that a few, a very few, of these gifted and capable women have been led astray by the false glitter of a life of political intrigue; nor that they have hoped to find in the *ignis fatuus* of woman suffrage, a guiding-star to a higher and more worthy life for women of their position. But the light which should illumine their path does not come from that direction.

There is abundant work for these noble, these laudably ambitious souls—work which will task their highest energies, which will give scope to their executive and constructive ability, and which will call forth their holiest sympathies; and this work is all around them. It is because we believe Miss Barton has found the key to this new sphere of womanly activity, that we have desired to present her history to our readers, and have spoken of her as a representative woman. Others, too, have discovered that the highest usefulness and the highest enjoyment are compatible.

Let us, then, commend to those who crave work which shall be fully worthy of and commensurate with their powers, this answer to their question, What shall we do? The world is full of sorrow, of ignorance, wretchedness, and sin. To woman's heart and woman's hands has God committed this sad yet precious heritage, that they should soothe and comfort this sorrow, that they should enlighten this ignorance, that they should alleviate this wretchedness, that they should bring the sinner to the only source of pardon and healing. There is abundant work for all, and the ample experience gained, and the executive ability displayed, during the war, indicate decidedly that those who were foremost in that work should use their powers in devising ways and means for making the world infinitely happier, wiser, and better than it now is. Among those who were conspicuous for their labors in the war, many have done nobly in one or other of these directions. The systematic and measurably successful efforts for the reclamation of fallen women, in several of our large cities, originated with some of these ladies; the organization of industrial schools, helping-hand societies, and city missions, have been the work of others; still others have established women's homes, employment societies, and protective unions, to aid the poor in finding labor, to guard the young and inexperienced from the pitfalls of our great cities, to give to working-women homes and home comforts, and to protect them from the rapacity of employers. Others have visited the sick, the prisoners, and those who were degraded by sin, and have sought, by kind words, by benevolent deeds, and sometimes by organized forms of beneficent action, to comfort, heal, and elevate them. One of these women, whose name is deserving of the highest honor, has established and now superintends a hospital for women and children in the beautiful city of Cambridge.

But there is yet room for thousands more of earnest toilers in these fields. Through their labors, humanity is yet to be exalted, purified, and redeemed, the ignorant instruct-

ed, the wayward restrained, the wretched comforted, the fallen lifted out of the depths of despair, and the poor and helpless aided and encouraged, the prisoner reformed, the imperilled rescued, and the friendless won to confidence and hope. Till this is done, and our earth, freed from grief, care, sorrow, and sin, shall bloom as a new and better Eden, there will be, there can be, no need for these brave, noble-hearted women to seek for other employment for hand, heart, or brain.

L. P. BROCKETT.

A COLD BATH.

FOR a cold bath, as for most real pleasures, there is a particular time, of day and year, more fitting and appropriate than any other. With regard to the former, we are of opinion it should be before breakfast, and just at that moment, on a fine, clear morning, when there is no longer any doubt about the sun's being fairly on the hither side of the horizon. In respect to the latter, we incline to those unapproachable days, clear and crisp, yet not cold, resembling, in their texture and effects, the cool, translucent element in which we propose to immerse ourselves, which fill brimming full the wholesome heart of October.

The next most important consideration is the tub; and here we give our voice firmly and unhesitatingly for the time-honored "sitz." True, modern invention and so-called improvement have produced many other models, professing in some instances, perhaps with truth, to do away with more or less of the difficulties and dangers attending complete ablation in a tub of the old sitz pattern; but to our mind these arguments bear no weight. The very point in which a cold bath, taken at the time and season alluded to, is more inspiring and transfiguring than any thing else of the kind, lies in the fact that it must be attended throughout with a certain subdued and enjoyable sense of discomfort. We have no desire to sink up to our neck in one of those miniature lakes which are consequent upon houses with all the latest improvements in plumbing; still less would we patronize those hybrid enormities known as hat-tubs, with their far-spreading, treacherous rims, and their mysterious, wheezing seats, of nature and construction inscrutable. But about an old-fashioned sitz-tub there is nothing excessive, nothing underhand or inexplicable; it is as simple and straightforward as it is homely. If you tip over in it, you know at once precisely why you did so; you never feel as if you had been caught in an ingeniously-laid trap. If, when you squat down in it, the water overflows the edge, it at least does so in an honorable and fearless manner; it doesn't sneak out of some unexpected back door, only revealing itself, after you are through bathing, by a treacherous pool on the carpet. Moreover, a sitz-bath inspires to action; if you would be washed, you must work for it; it can't be done by a dip over head and ears and out again. The true luxury of a cold bath should never begin until the bath itself is over; otherwise the

enjoyment will be destroyed by an anti-climax, and the fire and excitement of the battle are lost.

A sitz-tub, then, is decided on. Let us suppose it already filled, and standing on a bit of old rug or carpeting, that the integrity of your cherished Brussels may not be impaired by unwary splashings and spillings. Your trusty sponge, in all the pride of its soft, brown luxuriance, rests lightly on one of those delightful old ears which every sitz-tub possesses; on the other lies the rounded cake of clean-smelling soap, in case you intend to make use of the article. Between the two lies the water, clear and cold, occupying a circular space about four inches in depth by eighteen or twenty in diameter. It appears shallower than it is, though your experienced eye is not deceived; and through its transparency you can see the bottom of the tub, the seams by which the pieces are joined together, and here and there bits of the white paint worn off, revealing the bright tin underneath.

In taking a bath, it is best, perhaps, to look upon the water as an honorable and generous-hearted enemy, bound to do his best to frighten and discourage you; while your duty is fearlessly to meet, wrestle with, and overcome him. Approached in this spirit, a successful bath becomes ennobling and glorious; and the victory is of that happy kind which necessitates no loss of respect for your antagonist, while allowing any degree of exulting pride in your own prowess. Besides, the very act of regarding him as one to contend with will put you in a better mood for entering upon the contest; your blood will be up, your teeth set, and you will not allow yourself to be taken unawares and at disadvantage.

By this time you are stripped for the battle, and stand hugging yourself on the rug, looking down reluctantly upon the foe who lies calmly awaiting you. So quiet looks he that you feel piqued, and jar the tub with your foot, by way of disturbing his equanimity. Straightway he breaks forth into a broad and dimpling smile, widening over the entire extent of his flat, pellucid countenance, and dying away so slowly that you can hardly be certain whether it has quite disappeared or no. But you will do wisely not to pause too long in your speculations, lest the temporary warmth brought from the comfortable bed vanish quite away, and leave you to fight your duel as well as you can alone. Mustering up your resolution, you kneel down on one knee before the tub, resting both hands on the rim. Up to the moment of actual contact with your enemy, all your movements are slow and deliberate. You bend over the watery chasm, and behold your own physiognomy, darkened by shadow, and variegated with white paint and patches of tin, gazing wofully up at you, with tumbled hair and sleepy eyes. Mortified and indignant at so ridiculous a caricature, you set your teeth with sudden resolution, and, pausing a moment to take a good breath, and bending up your energies to their full height, you, with one movement, bring your other knee to the ground, spread your arms to their widest extent, and plunge your head

down—down, into the shivery depths, until the crown rests upon the hard bottom of the tub. My stars! how quick your breath comes, and how you seem to curl all over with tension and excitement! The battle has begun, and now every motion is rapid, decisive, almost convulsive. Raising your soaking head, the hair falls down over eyes and forehead, and streams rush bewilderingly over nose and mouth, and fall pattering into the tub. Your eyes are shut frantically tight, and you grope blindly about for the sponge with one hand, while the other upholds you in your bending posture. Having grasped the object of your search, you thrust it into the heart of your antagonist, and then squeeze it violently against the back of your neck, passing it thence over your head and face, scrubbing, and, at the same time, soaking up some of the over-abundant moisture. You are now able to open your eyes once more, and through the tumultuous disturbance of the water you catch detached glimpses of a red face and plastered hair; the features screwed up into distorted expression of breathlessness and discomfort. Nevertheless, you take courage, for well begun is half ended.

Your arms come next, and give you a few moments' respite, in which to recover your wind, and steel your heart for the succeeding encounter. You rest each hand alternately on the bottom of the tub, and, filling the sponge until it is quite black, you press it down from shoulder to wrist, compressing it as you go, until, at the end, it has quite regained its normal light-brown hue. You repeat on the inside of your arm, beginning well up underneath, and making the deluge as complete as possible, from a latent kind of feeling that, since you are in for it, you may as well do the thing up as thoroughly as you can. While engaged on this part of the business, you contrive to spatter a few handfuls of cold drops over your body, in order, in some measure, to temper it against the awful ordeal that is to follow. And now the moment has arrived!

It is the most awkward as well as the most trying of all. You feel an instinctive desire, of course, to huddle yourself into as close quarters as possible, by way of defence against the cold-blooded attacks of your foe; but now you are compelled to stand upright, and put first one foot and then another into the chilling depths. There you stand, all above water covered with goose-flesh, and all below aching with the cold. But you are now desperate. You have gone too far to turn back, and all that is left for you is madly and blindly to go through with what remains. Catching up your faithful sponge with convulsive fingers, you proceed, with feverish rapidity, to pour cataracts over your legs, beginning at the knees, and working gradually up to where they join on to the body. Your breath comes now in quick, short gasps, your mouth is open, and your teeth would chatter, except that there is no time to indulge in any luxury of that kind. Having finished your legs, before and behind, you come next to that most cherished, most tender, most shrinking part of all—the stomach! Dear, dear! it makes us shiver even to think of it!

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The only way is to sit down. It's no use trying any other method; you would only protract the agony, and the result would be no better. Let us hasten over the details. You step from the tub to the carpet, and a deceptive sense of relief comes over you as you feel its warmth on the soles of your feet. Perhaps, in some small souls, base thoughts of flight and surrender may find place; but, let us hope, only for a moment. You are now standing with your back to the tub, instead of your face, as at first. You squat down until your hands come in contact with the rims. Supporting your weight thus, you let yourself down yet lower—lower—until, with an electric shock, the descending angle of your person comes in contact with the thrilling surface of the water. An involuntary grunt escapes you. The next instant you are past grunting. Your heart stops beating. Your very soul seems about to escape you. The icy flood has risen around you; it encircles your waist with a freezing ring, shifting agonizingly with every movement you make. For a few seconds it is dreadful indeed; but then the worst is past. Your breath comes back. Speculation returns to your eyes. You are even able to close your mouth. Hurrah! the victory is won.

The sponge once more. Pour the cool streams over your chest and shoulders, down your back, over your ribs; they have no power to harm you now. How warm and pleasant the water is becoming! You lean back luxuriantly in your seat, and notice, with delighted surprise, how comfortable you feel. You try, in your pride of power, all sorts of fantastic experiments, to prove whether you are indeed invulnerable. Things the bare imagination of which would have half annihilated you a few moments before, you now wantonly practise again and again, and always with impunity. You are undisputed master of the tub.

You can now, if you choose, take up the hitherto-neglected soap, and lather yourself until you are in a condition to put an eel to the blush, washing yourself off afterward with the indefatigable sponge. But to go into a minute analysis of this department of the bath would be from our present purpose. The next step with which we have particularly to do is the rubbing down.

To insure perfect enjoyment, especially in very cold weather, this part of the programme should perhaps be performed in front of a crackling and blazing fire. After the crowning ordeal described above, all the sequel is to be considered as the triumph and rejoicing after victory, and every thing that can lend an additional charm should be obtained. Suppose, therefore, that you are standing before the flickering grate, the moisture of the bath yet clinging to your body in innumerable drops, each of which reflects in tiny miniature the fiery scene before it. One towel—a crisp, white one, you hold in your hand; another, of the description known as Turkish, hangs near by over the back of a chair. Beginning with your face, you scrub rapidly up and down, till the skin glows and tingles with the friction; then come the back of the neck, the shoulders and arms,

the body and legs; lastly, the towel is passed over the head, an end in each hand, and thus sawed backward and forward across the spine. By this time, what with the rubbing and the genial warmth of the fire, you are quite dry, and as glowing and rosy as Gany-mede; yet, in the insolence of well-being, you go over yourself once more with the Turkish towel. But all things must end, our bath among the rest; loath to induce the fetters of a false life, we linger and toast over the fire, until the cheery dingle of the breakfast-bell rouses us to a sense of our position.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE PARIS POST-OFFICE.

TO Cardinal Richelieu belongs the credit of inaugurating a regular postal system in France for the public benefit. In the early part of his ministry (1629) he divided the country into postal districts, appointed administrative agents, and first established a fixed rate of postage. This was long before the day of mail-coaches, and the carriage was performed by couriers (*courriers*—meaning "runners"), who accomplished their respective journeys as best they could, by land or by water, walking or riding, the time occupied in their transit thus varying greatly with different circumstances.

Twenty-five years later, under Louis XIV., an attempt was made to establish a city-delivery in Paris, and to this end several letter-boxes were placed in different localities; but, from a record of that period, it appears that they were hardly a success, and were either wholly neglected by the public or found stuffed with garbage and all sorts of rubbish.

Not until 1760 was the want of a city-mail actually felt, and letters were then collected and distributed twice a day.

The business of carrying the mails throughout France was farmed out to different parties until 1791, when the whole postal service was taken into government hands; and from that time forward its administration became more regular and satisfactory.

The quantity of mail-matter now annually passing through the Paris Post-office is estimated to be three hundred and thirty million enclosures, requiring the service of over fifteen hundred employés in its handling. We propose to show how, by a judicious division of labor, this daily average of nearly a million parcels is received, sorted, and delivered, with a promptness and an accuracy that prove the admirable working of the whole system.

Besides the central office, known as L'Hôtel des Postes, there are thirty-six sub-offices in different parts of the city, where letters are received and money orders issued or cashed; and, in addition, some five hundred boxes scattered through the various collection districts.

These boxes are emptied seven times a day, and their contents carried to the several district offices, where they are divided into four lots, or dispatches, as they are there called—the Paris mail, suburban mail, mail for the departments, and that for foreign countries. Each of these is carefully tied up,

ticketed, and its number entered upon a register, and they are then placed together in a leathern bag, which is carefully sealed with the number of the office whence it proceeds.

Seven times a day, at the same hours, every district office sends its mail by post-wagon to the central bureau, and the arrival of this mass of postal matter creates at once a busy scene.

Dispatches for the departments and for foreign countries are laid aside to await the departure of their trains, or are perhaps immediately forwarded. The Paris dispatch is opened without delay, its prepaid letters receive two stamps, one showing the date and hour of their collection, the other cancelling the prepayment, and they are then sorted into eleven piles, one for each of the eleven districts of distribution.

This done, each postman selects such letters as may belong within his particular round of streets, receives the unpaid letters upon which he has to collect postage, and at length, taking his place in an omnibus, is driven to the locality where his distribution begins.

By means of this system, a letter may be delivered in Paris three hours after its posting.

Five o'clock A. M. finds the central office busy over the largest mail of the day, comprising city letters of the last evening's collection, letters from the departments and from foreign countries. Naturally, this mail is the most important, and the one most anxiously expected; hence a double activity, and oftentimes a double force is required to insure its prompt delivery, and thus satisfy an impatient and unreasonable public.

The outgoing mails from Paris are simply delivered at their proper lines of railway without being specially sorted for the different towns to which they are destined, this last duty devolving upon others.

Every train leaving Paris to go beyond the suburbs carries either a postal car or a reserved compartment for the mail agents, who sort and deliver not only the dispatches received at starting, but whatever is collected at any station *en route*, to be delivered farther on.

The economy of this arrangement is very great, since, without it, all letters must first go to a central office, to be forwarded from there, thus requiring double the time and labor now expended.

If the public could only be as careful in directing letters as the post in delivering them! Every day brings to the Paris office over a thousand parcels, either not directed at all, or with insufficient or illegible superscriptions.

In the first case, they are immediately opened, and, if their destination cannot then be ascertained, they are returned, if possible, to the sender. Where a letter is incorrectly or illegibly directed, it is given to experts, who, with the aid of gazetteers, directories, and the like, endeavor to find its true address. Thanks to this care, nine-tenths of these letters go on their way rejoicing; the remaining one-tenth are retained for a period varying with circumstances, and are destroyed only when all possibility of their being claimed is out of the question.

The annual revenue resulting directly from the sale of postage-stamps is about sixty-five million francs, one-quarter of which amount represents the returns of the Paris office. These figures would be much larger were it not that the French postal service, like our own, unfortunately is burdened with the abuses of a franking privilege that, originally extended only to the sovereign, is now enjoyed by one hundred thousand functionaries, whose annual correspondence, charged at the usual rates, would give a return of fifty-six million francs. In Great Britain this franchise was long since abolished, and Parliament now makes yearly appropriations to defray the postal expenses of each official department.

It may be here mentioned that French soldiers and sailors serving abroad are required to pay only the postage of their own country, however far they may be situated from it.

GEORGE B. MILES.

EAU DE COLOGNE.

ABOUT the beginning of the eighteenth century, a certain young man left the humble cottage-home of his parents at Santa Maggioris, in Italy, to seek his fortune in a wider field. The whole of his worldly goods was contained in a small bundle, which he carried with him, and his supply of money was, doubtless, equally small, for he commenced his journey on foot. This was certainly not a promising start in life, and this young man must have been possessed of more than common prudence and energy, for, at the early age of twenty-four, we find him established in the city of Cologne as a dealer in mercer's wares, perfumery, and similar articles of trade.

In the year 1709, according to the annals of his house, this enterprising tradesman, John Maria Farina, first introduced to the public a perfume of his own invention, which he named, after his adopted city, "Cologne-water," or, as the French have it, "Eau de Cologne." This invention proved an unparalleled success. No similar preparation has ever attained such popularity, or remained so uninterruptedly in favor. Cologne-water is known and admired in every quarter of the civilized world.

The manufacture of this perfume was continued by its inventor for more than half a century. The establishment then passed into the hands of a nephew, and I believe still continues in the possession of that nephew's immediate descendants.

As a matter of course, the success of Farina's invention began in time to excite the imitative genius of his neighbors. They were hardly so quick, however, about such matters as we are in the present generation, for nearly fifty years passed before imitations actually began to be made, but from that time new manufactories of the article multiplied rapidly.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, about sixty of these establishments were in operation in the city of Cologne. Recognizing the magical properties that reside in a name, most if not all these houses arranged

to have a Farina as their head. This arrangement was made by purchasing the use of the name from a certain possessor of that patronymic, who, having no factory of his own, consented, for a consideration, to assist in that way any enterprising individual who wished to undertake the manufacture of Cologne-water. Proceedings in law were at last had by the original Farina, which resulted in a decision that rendered illegal the sale of a name for purposes of trade. This decision put an end to many of these establishments, as the name was found to be indispensable to a profitable prosecution of the business. But this barrier was overcome by some of the more determined. Farina is a common family name in Italy, and a number of persons possessing it were found, who were willing, for the sake of a very small amount of money, to become the nominal heads of such firms. So Farina Cologne-water continues to be made by twenty or more different establishments to the present day.

Eau de Cologne has long since become such a staple article, that no perfumer, and very few apothecaries, can be found who do not attempt to make it. With the exceptions noted above, these imitations are rarely, if ever, put forth as the original article. The makers merely appropriate the knowledge of the inventor, and not his reputation.

The quality and characteristics of these imitations are varied almost to infinity. This is particularly the case in our own country, where each manufacturer attempts rather to make an "improvement" on the original recipe, than to produce the same perfume that has won both money and fame for the house of Farina. As a consequence, the diversity of their preparations is so great that the original significance of the name is almost lost sight of, and every sweet-smelling toilet-water, without regard to the character of its odor, is put forth as "Cologne."

Many of our readers will doubtless desire to know the composition of this celebrated perfume. To the ladies, especially, it will be a matter of interest. Of all the innumerable recipes for making it which have been published, I know of none that produces a more pleasant article, or one so nearly like the original, as that given by Mr. Piesse in his "Art of Perfumery." With a slight modification, it is as follows:

Essential oil of neroli (<i>bigarade</i>).....	40 minims.
" " rosemary-flowers.....	30 "
" " bergamot.....	30 "
" " cedrat.....	50 "
" " orange-peel.....	50 "
Deodorized alcohol.....	1 pint.

Mix them, and allow the "water" to stand a week before using, in order that its true fragrance may be developed by a perfect combination of the ingredients.

As most of my readers will know, the "essential oils" are distillations obtained from flowers and aromatics, and represent, in a concentrated form, the odors of the substances from which they are derived. "Neroli" is the customary name for the oil distilled from the flowers of the orange-tree, and *bigarade* is the French term for the variety that yields the best perfume. Oil of cedrat is obtained from the rind of the citron fruit,

a member of the lemon family. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, resembling the ordinary lemon, but far richer, and of a smoother character. The other oils named in the recipe are well enough known to need no description. On the neroli and cedrat the peculiar character of the Cologne-water mainly depends. Care must be taken not to confound the inferior neroli, obtained from the leaves and unripe fruit of the orange-tree, with that from the flowers.

It will be easy to test this recipe. Almost any apothecary in the larger towns will be able to furnish all the ingredients, and the expense of the mixture ought not to be greater than one and a half to two dollars per pint.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the oils must be not only pure, but fresh also. Especially is the quality of freshness essential in the three last-named oils of the recipe, which, unless carefully kept, in a short time not only lose their fragrance, but acquire instead a positively disagreeable odor. The alcohol must be, as directed, "deodorized;" that is, freed from fusel-oil or other contaminations which may affect the character of the perfume.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

ECONOMIZING VITALITY.

IT is folly for a layman to go into details respecting the laws and phenomena of health, which are the subject of daily and intelligent discussion by professional men. Yet the bearing and tendency of these laws and phenomena, in their more general relations, are scarcely so well understood as might be inferred from the liberal speech they elicit upon all hands, lay as well as professional. It does not seem to be understood, for instance, that physis is not a restorative, and can never be more than a palliative; that its office at the best is merely to check the distempers occasioned by ill habits and bad living; and that it is consequently a poor and limping substitute for those sanitary observances of exercise, good air, and sobriety, which would banish all the doctors if properly kept. What the average man of the period needs most to know, and what he seems least able to comprehend, is, that the apothecary's real business is not to do, but to undo; not to make new stomachs, but to patch up in old stomachs the ghastly rents caused by excess of meat and drink, and by the handicraft of other apothecaries. The man of the period (male and female of the species) must learn also that there is no such thing as the absolute in concerns of diet and exercise; and that, when it comes to gastronomy or training, the individual idiosyncrasy is of far greater weight and far higher importance than the general law. The regimen of the active man and of the sedentary man, and the exercise also, must needs differ widely; the regimen and exercise of winter and summer must differ; the regimen and exercise of hot and cold climates must differ; the regimen and exercise of Tom and Dick and Harry must differ. Pegasus starves or is colicked on provender that keeps the dray-horse fat and sleek. The

cabbage that Jones delights in three times a day, is poison to Smith.

This is the force of the saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. Smith might have learned to eat the cabbage with as much impunity, if not as much zest, as Jones; but that was a lesson for his youth, and his maturity cannot learn it, or only can learn it at the cost of frightful struggles and great risks.

"Phant Nature more or less demands

As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good."

Change, then—and this, too, is a rule of health not clearly felt by man—change itself, too suddenly effected, is quite as much intemperance as excess. Man is required to concede continually and many things, in order to adjust himself harmoniously to society; each of the organs, in the same way, must continually concede, and handsomely, to preserve its good standing with the other organs of the body. So, in all our regulations of regimen and exercise, our strict rules must be bent to serve the occasion of custom, place, habit, and age. We cannot frame a life as we frame a house, by level, square, and plumb. Age especially, as Bacon puts it, "will not be defied." Infirmary, halting always, must be coddled, not compelled. The force of habit seems to gain strength in a geometrical ratio as the years increase. Each man can make a Mithridates of himself, if he will—poison-proof by poison-use. Each man can get himself up to De Quincey's opium average, and order every morning before breakfast "a pint of laudanum-negus, warm, and without sugar." But, beware the jar of "down brakés!" Neither the opium-eater, nor the arsenic-eater, nor the dram-drinker indeed, can snap off the vicious habit suddenly, as we snap off a tangle of grass that hampers our feet in walking, without great danger often, and mortal suffering always. The fatal result in delirium tremens is only too often brought about by a sudden withdrawal of the accustomed stimulant, and neglect to supply its place with a tonic or palliative of some kind. The proportion of drunkards' deaths in police-stations and in jails, where total abstinence is abruptly and cruelly enforced, to the sum total of such deaths, is surprisingly, hideously great, and should long ago have opened the eyes of practical reformers to the true state of the case.

The conclusion here in this whole matter, then, is in favor of experience against every thing else. This is by no means a pleasant conclusion. Experience is "the lantern over the vessel's stern." It is not a nice thing to be conscious that we must, each one for himself, live through our life in order to learn how to live. Yet, how else? *Un clou pousse l'autre*, and, in the infinite variety of temperaments, humors, and stomachs, of palates and of nerves, of surroundings, conditions, and moods, and their obscure interaction and reciprocity, it needs always a man's own observation to enable him to distinguish for himself that which is pernicious from that which is beneficial.

However, there is always corn in Egypt. Health and food go together; good food, good health—bad food, bad health, as a general

rule; and moderation is generally safety, while excess is always injurious. This is the solution of the problem. Man cannot work it well out, for he has not yet found out how to solve the antecedent problem: How shall a man constrain himself to do what he knows to be best for him? But it is well to know that, as a general rule, a man's health is as he eats. "I have always been healthy," said Cornaro, "since I was temperate." To diet a man is always the first step the physician takes when he goes about to contend with disease. This is much more reasonable practice than nine-tenths of the steps doctors are used to take, for diet must necessarily do much more than physic. "The food," said that ancient pathologist, Fernellius, "possesses the greatest influence in producing disease, the very material of which it supplies; for disease does not proceed from air, nor perturbations, nor from any other palpable causes, unless the disposition of the humors and the constitution of the body consent thereto. To sum the matter in a word, the throat alone is the *mother* of every malady, no odds who the other parent may be." This may not be Huxleyan doctrine, nor modern, but it cannot be deemed extravagant doctrine, when we come to reflect for a moment upon the fact—which doctors find it convenient to ignore—that the little medicines, from which we expect such extensive and miraculous effects, are taken only in grains and fractions of grains, and upon infrequent occasions, while our food is taken by pounds, and daily, and necessarily. Surely, the choice and measure of this material of our daily life is quite as important, and quite as exigent of good judgment, as the choice and measure and administration of our occasional and trifling drugs. And yet how few doctors give intelligent attention to the study of the recondite and complex laws of alimentation! How few take care of the pounds we swallow, even while giving the most minute attention to the grains and minims they are preparing to thrust down our throats! As for the world at large, it carelessly puts both these concerns into the hands of butchers, endowing them, at the same time, with unlimited irresponsibility. But, with something that is rarely like inconsistency, the heedless world at large puts its weighty concerns of the pounds into the hands of men wise only in the slaughter of animals, while its trivial concerns of the grains and minims it with many charges intrusts to the superintendence of the most highly accomplished slayers of men!

It is not exaggeration to charge that "the greater proportion of men eat and drink themselves to death." The "homicidal gullet" slays its millions to the tyrants' ten. Gluttony, it has been well said, the demure and reputable sister of the outcast, Drunkenness, destroys a hundred where the latter destroys one. We all eat too much, and it is our unseasonable and unreasonable appetite that brings so many physical ills upon us, of sudden deaths, and dilapidated lives worse than death. The omnivorous greedy throat, the insatiable stomach, insanely raging, are man's worst enemies and the doctor's best friends. Was not that skeleton which the old Egyptians were wont to have present at all their

high and solemn feasts meant to be a subtle and perpetual reminder of the state to which such feasting would presently reduce them? Man satirizes his follies even while declining to mend them.

The diet which best fits man's occasions is that which is simple and plain, in quantity small, in quality good, and not complicated. Every animal, man excepted, keeps to one dish, one drink. Sir William Temple's rule of beverages was a good rule for eating as well as drinking: "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humor, and the fourth for mine enemies." A restricted diet is, by its very terms, a wholesome diet. Temperance is the "bride of gold" that keeps us to the road, yet does not curb too severely. Cornaro found that, as the powers of his stomach declined with the general decline of all his other vital functions, he was able to keep up the most buoyant feeling of health and vigor throughout, simply by proportionately diminishing the quantity of the food and drink he took. It was his habit always to rise from the table with an appetite. Eat not to fulness, said Abernethy; "live upon sixpence a day, and earn it." And the proverb of the Arabians, the most abstemious and the most long-lived people on the globe, is still more emphatic: "He who sleeps without supper gets up without debt."

"Kitchen physic is the best," the terse Latin adage reminds us. Imitation of Nature in the preparation of food is quite as essential as in any other art. Sauce and condiment do but make the stomach strain itself to efforts it is not sanely inclined to, and will regret as soon as put forth.

Observance, strict and unswerving, of this simple principle is nearly all that is needed to win us to the ways of health—"a kind of regimen," says Addison, "into which a man may put himself without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time." Man, however, will not pursue it, but will continue to lay himself open to Hesiod's scornful taunt:

"Fool! not to know that half exceeds the whole,
Nor the great blessings of a frugal board."

There is another kind of temperance which it is quite necessary to observe in the successful pursuit of health. This is that temperance of mind and spirit which will not be unsettled, nor moved from its pedestal of sweet serenity and mild contentment. "Those who have lived longest have been persons without either avarice or ambition, enjoying that tranquillity of soul which is the source of the health and happiness of our early days." It was the most rational part of Cornaro's system for economizing his fund of vitality, to refuse to expend it upon temper and ill passions; but, on the contrary, to invest it in the safe and profitable stocks of contentment, equableness of mind, and hilarity. Anger and chagrins soon write wrinkles on the brow, and thin the parietes of the heart. Hope and Good Cheer are doctors by hereditary right, diplomated by Nature, exacting no fees, and having a rare faculty for smoothing the creases out of the soul, and so setting the body loose from an irritating and unwholesome contact.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PINE-WOODS OF MAINE.

OCCASIONALLY a denizen of the crowded city has the good fortune to wander from the route of the fashionable resorts, to find some out-of-the-way place, where he can enjoy not only healthful recreation, but also unsurpassed scenery. You are safe in such an adventure if you leave, some time in the month of July, the harbor of Boston, and, steaming past Cape Ann, the Isles of Shoals, and so along the coast, profusely dotted with charming islands, until you reach the mouth of the Penobscot. If the time of day is propitious for sight-seeing, there will now open upon your entranced eyes one of the most wonderful sea-views, whether of storm or sunshine, that can be found on the rockbound coast of New England. There must be no unnecessary delay at Rockland. On the contrary, find quick conveyance farther north, and, if possible, see the sun set in the sea, with Mount Desert standing forth, like a great sentinel, to witness the submersion. Now start for the "interior," for some one of these little hamlets which originate in the necessities of the migratory lumbermen, who, for half the year, when the woods are filled with snow, ice,

and storm, gather up these mighty forest-trees, that they may eventually supply the ever-absorbing demands of commerce.

fect growth, unbroken by a single limb, while the leafy canopy above glistens in the bright sun, developing a hundred tints of

These nestling-places are now comparatively dull of custom: so much the better for your vagabond aspirations. The landlord has more time to attend to your wants, and the "characters" of the vicinity to afford you amusement. In the mean time, the mountain rivulets, which have just recovered their liberty from the imprisoning ice, are rejoicing as they flow toward the stormy Atlantic, only half concealing, in their flowing tide, the speckled trout, born of the crystal spring, and nourished under the purifying influences of the chilling frosts.

You are now hidden away in the "piney woods." Go where you will, the uprising columns struggle toward the sky, their foliage shutting out any undisputed light of mid-day, and casting a mysterious gloom upon every thing in view. Upon the ground is a thick, sweetly-clean mat of dried leaves, from the compact body of which no undergrowth can spring. The straight trunks are often seventy feet in height, and, until midway of their per-



THE LANDLORD.



THE VILLAGE ORACLE.



THE LOAFER AT THE INN.

emerald green. The silence of these wastes is often most impressive, and made more significant by the just perceived presence of the minutest insects, which glisten in the air, and disturb its stillness by their tiny wings. The red-headed woodpecker, however, occasionally with the rudeness of an actor who tears every passion to pieces, will rush upon the sight, screaming with exultation, and rattling his ivory bill in very jest against the sound-hearted trees. His cardinal-like hood will then for a moment flash, like a coal of fire, against the dark-green foliage; then, dashing away, he will leave all signs of life to the moats, which are discernible in the pencilled rays of light.

The objective point in these out-of-the-way settlements is, of course, the country inn. The common sitting-room is generally very small, and much of this contracted space is over-occupied by some huge stove, which for nine months of the year is necessary for comfort, and the other three for contemplation. Some straight-backed chairs, and a long bench, possibly, complete the furniture of these rude hostelries, which, when full of customers and loungers, are not free from points of curious interest, made up of excessive tobacco-smoke and eccentricity of character. The landlord has a "mixed commission"—at one moment a servitor, at another a dispenser of reminiscences, and critic upon the news of the neighborhood. His anecdotes have a rough wit about them, but they are always hugely enjoyed by such of his customers as owe him a bill, or are contemplating the idea of obtaining a "throat-comforter" on "tick."

His rival, in the estimation of the patrons of the inn, is the admitted oracle of the village. This rural philosopher is generally the cobbler, who manages to attend closely to his business, and yet read and digest the current news. From his daily customers he gets an inkling of the prevailing local gossip, and, having a hard face, a strong and somewhat jaundiced nature, he assumes, in talking, a dictatorial manner that is very impressive, and causes his superficial nonsense to pass as undoubted wisdom and the result of vast information. Ask him if he thinks it will rain, and hear him say in reply, "That will depend upon the weather," and you are so



THE TROUT-FISHER'S COMPANION.

taken off your guard by the sententious and grave way he gives utterance to this truism, that you go away with the impression that you have really had an inkling into the secrets of the atmosphere.

literally suspended in the air. For once, your enthusiasm for indulging in the fascinations of hook and line is gone, overcome by your gratified sense of sight. A short trip brings you to a slight indentation of the shore, and,

after climbing a succession of gentle acclivities, the landscape breaks into small patches of table-land, through which ripple the clearest brooks, the waters of which make no concealment of the minutest details of their pebbly beds. The rod is now drawn from its canvas wrapping, the ingenious fly is produced, and in a few moments you are tilting with the wit of the loveliest of all game-fish—the brook-born trout. These pets are quite primitive in these backwoods places of the forests of Maine, and coquette with your snare rather from instinct than from self-preservation. They are good naturalists, however, so far as North-American butterflies are concerned, and don't seem to be altogether satisfied with the wings of your imitation, however bright and attractive it may look in your morocco case. You try again, and are successful: how the line spins! the buzz of the reel sounds in this solitude like the whirling-drum of a saw-mill. At last you raise in the air a ten-ounce brook-trout; a spray of dia-



THE GUIDE.

monds seems to fall from its emerald-tinted and garnet-marked sides. What piece of jewelry was ever so beautiful as a just-captured brook-trout? You take hold of your prize gently, and find it vigorous with life, but cold almost as ice. It was born and has grown up in the bosom of ever-continued frosts—a delicate morsel that pleases the appetite so deliciously that you remember it as a dream.

Returning by easy stages to your inn, you find the number of its occupants increased by the presence of a tall man, of equivocal age, who seems to have had the ambition to imitate the trunk of a pine in form. In his leather belt is a hunting-knife and hatchet, and by his side a heavy, old-fashioned rifle, carrying a ball "sixteen to the pound." He is a professional guide, not only for timber-hunters, but for ambitious sportsmen, who, in winter, kill moose in the inhospitable regions of the Schoodic lakes and the head-waters of the Penobscot.

As much by himself as the contracted quarters will admit sits the sharp, industrious business-man of the pine-regions of Maine—the lumber-merchant. He has hundreds of men at the proper season of the year busy in "chopping" and "log-rolling," and the result of his enterprise



THE LUMBER-MERCHANT.

is to furnish almost every quarter of the globe with the best materials, not only for houses and stores, but also for the heavier demands of ships. There is a sort of "pine-knot" toughness about his bronzed

face, which, joined with his rough dress and clear eye, commands respect. He is the most perfect contrast to the "professional tramp," who, seemingly beset with the necessity of ever wandering, goes from place to place, a beggar and worse, selling his manhood for alcoholic drinks, and avoiding steady labor with an untiring pertinacity that indicates that, if idleness is a march of gentility, this tramp is a royal prince in disguise.

The "pioneer" of these sterile regions, who deliberately sets himself down to work a living from the hard-ribbed soil, seems to defy destiny, and laugh to scorn the laws of agricultural rewards. Stone enough to fence in his place is the only thing he has in abundance. Rye and buckwheat smile in spite of the bleak winds, but little else is grown that he can eat. Much of the short summer months are consumed in gathering fire-wood to conquer the biting cold, and the long winters are spent in a dreary solitude. Yet the pioneer is apparently contented. He is not crowded in a tenement-house,

and he lives on his own land, and, owning but little of it, is not impoverished by the claims of the tax-payer. His sons and daughters grow up, and in time seek a wider field of action. The boys, along with the pine-logs of their na-



THE TRAMP.



THE PIONEER.

tive homes, float toward the sea-coast, and get into good places in the great cities. The girls, quick with natural wit, and often blessed with great personal beauty, through the wisdom of New England's providence in schools, get without cost, save gathering, a fair education, and find employment easily; and thus the American "pioneer," however humble may be his aspirations, often supplies our commercial marts with business-men, and our centres of society with noble wives and exemplary mothers. Thus it is that our apparently rude and forbidding pine wastes minister to the enjoyment of the most cultivated tastes, afford comfortable homes to simple citizens, and wealth to the enterprising sons of commerce.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

MR. SCROPE returns to the drawing-room, as he left it, alone. As he enters, we both look up and smile, as one does smile with vague complacency at the sight of any thing young and specially comely.

"Did you find her?" I ask, as I kneel before the fire, giving it a vigorous and searching poke, for his benefit.

"Yes."

He says merely this—almost the shortest of all monosyllables; but there is something in the tone in which he says it that makes me pause, poker in hand, from my noisy toil, to examine him more narrowly.

"You have been quarrelling as usual, I suppose?" I say, with a wily attempt to come at the matter of their conversation without seeming too indecently curious.

"Lenore always quarrels with everybody," says Sylvia, patting the pug's fat stomach, as he lies on his back, with his eyes rolling awfully and a bit of rosy tongue showing between his black lips, in a state of Sybaritic enjoyment on her lap. "I tell her it is *her* way of flirting. She always maintains that she cannot flirt—does not know how; but of course that is nonsense. I suppose we can all do a little in that way, if we try?"—holding her smooth head rather on one side, and looking arch.

"Has she been saying any thing unusually exasperating?" I ask, as, under my successful labors, the frosty fire spires and races upward. "Never mind if she has; she is not in very good tune just now, poor soul, and one can hardly wonder at it."

While he speaks, Mr. Scrope has been stalking up and down in a fidgety way, making the boards creak. At my words he stops, and says abruptly:

"Why?"

"Have not you heard? Oh, of course not! Stupid of me! She would not be likely to mention it herself—it is not a very pleasant subject to talk about—but her en-

gagement is all off, and she is naturally rather low about it."

"She is not in the least low; I never saw her in better spirits in my life," says Scrope, with a brusqueness that amounts to incivility; and having delivered himself of this speech, he marches off to the window and turns his back to us.

"It must be *your* coming, then, that has cheered her," says Sylvia, laughing lackadaisically, "and indeed to tell you the truth, at the risk of making you atrociously conceited, I must say *I don't wonder at it*. It is a shockingly fast sentiment, I suppose, but there is something in the *timbre* of a man's voice that quite invigorates me; I suppose it is always having been so much used to men's society. I get on with them so much better than with women; *I* understand *them*, and *they* understand *me*."

"Have you had any talk with her?" I ask, rising precipitately, and following him to the embrasure of the window, perfectly heedless of the fact that my sister is comfortably mounted on her pet hobby—*self*, and is cantering complacently away on him. "Did she say any thing to you?"

"Listen!" he says, putting a hand on each of my shoulders, quite unconscious of the familiarity of the action—and indeed they might be posts for all he knows about them—and looking me rudely and triumphantly in the face. "She has been saying *this* to me: 'I will marry you as soon as you like!'"

"WHAT!!!!!!!" Six marks of admiration but poorly render the expression I throw into this innocent monosyllable. I feel my face becoming a series of round *O's*—astonishment stretching and opening every feature beyond its natural destiny.

"Why do you keep staring at me?" says the young man, petulantly, giving me a little shake; "why do you stand with your mouth wide open? Why should not I marry? What is there to prevent me? Does not everybody do it? What is there so very surprising in it?"

Still I maintain an absolute silence; his hands have dropped from my shoulders, but I still stand before him, like a block of stupid stone. Neither does Sylvia speak; she is affecting to blow her nose, and has covered the nose part of her face with her pocket-handkerchief; what yet remains is excessively red. For once her hobby-horse has given her a nasty fall.

"Why do you stare at me like a wild beast?" cries Scrope, angrily. "Is this the way you always take a piece of news? Pleasant for the person who tells you, if it is. If I had told you that she had just fallen down dead in the next room, you could not look at me with greater dismay."

I cannot contradict it. Sputtering and breathless, I still face him, trying hard to speak; but in all the wide range of good, noble, and useful words that the English tongue affords, I can find not one that suits the present crisis.

"Why don't you say *something*?" says the young man, with cheeks on fire and lightning eye. "The most disagreeable sentence you could invent would be better than this. Oh, come! I cannot stand it any longer—to

be stared at by two perfectly silent women with their mouths open; it would make"—laughing fiercely—"it would make the bravest man in Europe run like a hare!"

He turns quickly to the door as he speaks. Then I find my tongue; its hinges are not well oiled, and it does not run smoothly, but it goes somehow. I catch hold of his arm or his coat-tail—I am not quite sure which—in my excitement.

"Stop, stop!" I cry, incoherently; "don't be cross! I mean to say something—I am going to say something—but—but—you take my breath away! It is so *sudden*—so *unnaturally* sudden!"

"*Unnaturally?*" repeats he, tartly, the painful consciousness that I have hit upon the joints of his harness making him defend the weak part with all the greater acrimony. "Why *unnaturally*, pray? If it does not seem too sudden to her or to me, I do not see why it need appear so to any one else."

"But—but—are you *sure* you are not mistaken?" I say, disbelievingly, mindful of the tear-swollen, desperate face I had seen lying among its tossed hair on my sister's bedroom-floor. "Are you quite sure she said those words? She is an odd girl—Lenore—very odd, and sometimes she has a random way of talking; I do not think she quite knows always what she is saying."

"Thank you," replies he, bowing formally, though his face flames. "You are, if not polite, at least candid. I understand. A woman must be slightly deranged to consent to be my wife."

My wits are still too far out wool-gathering for me to be able to summon them back to compose some civil explanation and apology.

"You disbelieve me still?" cries my future brother-in-law, greatly exasperated by my silence. "All right! do—it does me no harm; but, if it should happen to strike you at any time that I may, *by accident*, be speaking truth, you have only to send for Lenore, and ask her."

"Poor dear Lenore!" says Sylvia, speaking for the first time, and smiling sweetly. "She has not been long in consoling herself, has she? I am *quite* glad."

Mrs. Procter has finished blowing her nose, and her face has laid aside its transient redness; but she now holds her head quite straight, nor does she look at all arch.

"You know, Jemima, if you remember, you laughed at me—but I always maintained that Paul Le Mesurier did not care two straws about her. I am sure I am the last person to pretend to unusual clear-sightedness, but one has one's instincts!"

"It is sudden, of course!" bursts out Scrope, boyishly, not paying any attention to my sister, but looking straight and defiantly at me. "What is the good of telling me that? How can I help it? Tell me that January is colder than July—I know it is; but it is not my fault. If I had had my way, it would not have been sudden—it would have happened full six months ago. No one ought to know that better than you."

"Ought I?" say I, vaguely. "I dare say—but to tell you the truth—so many incoherences about Lenore—her eyes, her an-

kles, and her inhumanities—have been poured into my ears that I got them muddled together. I cannot, at a moment's notice, assign to each lover his own several Jeremiad."

"You are spiteful," replies the young fellow, laughing a little, but looking offended. "If I had known how little you were listening to me, I would not have talked to you about her."

"Poorest, dearest Lenore!" repeats Sylvia, smiling a little patronizingly. "Quite the dearest thing in the world, and, mercifully for her, incapable of fretting much about any thing or anybody. What a gift!—if she could but give one the receipt!" (sighing and pensively passing through her fingers the beads of a great jet rope that she wears round her neck.

"Jemima," says Scrope, impulsively, putting his hand again fraternally on my shoulder. "I do not suppose that they will do me any good—not a barley-corn—but still I have a morbid desire for your good wishes; they will be tardy and lugubrious, I am aware, but, such as they are, give them me. If I" (reproachfully) "had heard that you were going to be married, I should not have been so slow or so dismal in offering mine."

"That is a very safe position," reply I, dryly. "If you had seen me flying toward the moon, you would have complimented me on the ease and grace with which I flapped my wings. I do wish you good luck—there!—but whether you will get it or not is another matter."

"But—but—you—think that it will be?" says Scrope, with his whole eager heart in his voice. "Now that you have shut your mouth, and that your eyes no longer look as if they were falling out of your head, and that you can talk rationally—you believe it?"

"Upon my honor, I cannot say," reply I, laughing uncomfortably. "Lenore, as Sylvia truly observed just now, is quite the dearest thing in the world; but sometimes she goes round and round, like the sails of a windmill. I have a good mind to go and ask her myself."

So I go.

CHAPTER XV

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

Up and down, up and down, up and down, with her hands behind her back, I find her marching in the ordered solitude of her own room, as I had expected.

"Good Heavens!" say I, entering, with my shoulders raised nearly to my ears, and my hands spread out.

She stops in her persevering trudge, looks me coolly over, and says—

"Après?"

I throw my eyes up to the ceiling, and shake my head several times, but words utter I none.

"You have heard, I suppose," she says, quietly. "I see he is running all over the house button-holing everybody, as the Ancient Mariner did the Wedding Guest. I hope he has told Norris, and William, and Frederick—it would be a sad oversight if he has not."

"It is true, then?" I say, gasping.

"When he told me I would not believe it—I said so—I said I would ask you myself."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of the journey up-stairs," replies she, calmly, "but, as you are not 'fat and scant of breath,' like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, I suppose it does not matter much."

"Good Heavens!" say I, for the second time.

"Try a new ejaculation," suggests my sister, smiling; "I am tired of that one."

"And—and—and your reason?"

"Reason?" repeats she, laughing rather harshly. "What extraordinary questions you do ask! Is not it on the surface? I am in love, to be sure—deeply in love."

I am on the verge of being delivered of a third "Good Heavens!" but, recollecting myself, suppress it.

"If you remember, you did not approve of my first choice," says Lenore, with a bitter smile; "are you any better pleased with my second?"

"Much better," I answer, emphatically; "far better—only it is horribly and indecently sudden—that is all!"

Silence.

"As for the other," I continue, "you are right. I never could understand what you saw in him: a long nose, a yard of scarlet beard, and a sulky temper, seemed to me the whole stock-in-trade."

For one second her eyes flash with a furious pain, then grow quiet.

"Exactly," she says, composedly. "Now, in the case of the present nose, there is nothing to be desired, is there?—nice and short, and runs straight down the middle of his face, without deviating a hair's-breadth to right or left; such nice curls, too, all over his head, as if they were put in curl-papers every night—and such dear little teeth!"

"For shame!" cry I, indignantly; "you are describing a doll. Lenore, Lenore! what are you made of? Beauty and love are thrown away upon you, and you have a perverted taste for ugliness and indifference."

She shrugs her shoulders.

"One may abuse one's own property, I suppose? If you remember, he is my doll now—curls, and dear little teeth, and all!"

I turn away, pained and disgusted.

"Stay," she says, laying her hand on mine; "do not be cross, I am serious—look at me! I am sure I do not feel as if there were a joke to be got out of the whole of me."

I look at her, as she tells me—look with uncomfortable misgivings at the bright beauty that has prospered her so little: her cheeks are crimson, and the hand which holds mine burns, burns.

"Attend to me," she says, imploringly.

"I am very much in earnest. I have done better this time, have not I? I have been more wise at last."

I shake my head.

"How can I say?"

"This one is much more suitable to me, is not he? I—I—" (laughing feverishly)—"I begin to think that I did not care really for the other so much after all; it was only fancy—it was only my perversity. I wanted to get

him because I thought nobody else could. I—I was not really fond of him, was I?"

She looks with a sort of wild wistfulness into my face for confirmation of her words, but I do not think she finds any.

"He is much more suitable to me," she repeats, vaguely, as if trying to convince herself by iteration; "much more in every respect. So much better-looking."

"Immeasurably," say I, emphatically; "not that I see what that has got to say to it."

"And better off," she continues, still holding and unconsciously pressing my hand with her hot, dry fingers. "We should have been miserably poor, Paul and I—miserably; and I hate poverty; I hate trying to make both ends meet. They will meet now and lap over, without any difficulty, will not they?"

"I imagine so."

"And in age, too," she goes on, eagerly, "we are far better fitted; is it not so? Paul was old—older than his age even—old in himself."

"He might well have been your father," I say, laughing vindictively, "except that no one would have accused you of emanating from so hard-featured a stock."

"No," she says, not in the least attending to my sarcasm, "of course not; altogether, you see," smiling mechanically—altogether, you see, Jemima, it is all for the best. I am nearly quite convinced of it now, and, of course, I shall grow more and more convinced every day, shall not I?" looking at me with imploring inquiry.

I make no response, and we both lapse into silence—a silence spent by Lenore in wandering aimlessly about, pulling the blinds up and down, disarranging the few wintry flowers in the vase on the toilet-table, altering the furniture. At last she speaks with sudden abruptness:

"It is to be soon—very soon!"

"He is wise there, I think," I answer, following her doubtfully about with my eyes. "Poor boy, he has not studied you for the last six months to no purpose; he knows what a weathercock you are, and is bent on making sure of you while you are in the vein. Who can tell when the wind may change?"

"You are mistaken," she says, quickly, "it was not his idea at all; it was my suggestion. I suppose" (laughing with the same forced and hollow sound that had before pained me) "I suppose it is the first instance on record of such a proposition emanating from the lady, but it was. Yes, you may look as if you were going to eat me—I cannot help that—it was!"

"Good Heavens!" repeat I, devoutly, lapsing unintentionally, for the third time, into my favorite ejaculation.

"Yes, soon—very soon!" she says, half to herself, pulling her rings on and off, lacing her fingers together and then again unlacing them; "and we will have a very smart wedding—very! I hate sneaking to church with only the clerk and the beadle, as if one were ashamed of one's self. We will have all the neighbors, and men down from Gunter's, and a ball."

I stare distrustfully at her: her eyes are

sparkling like diamonds at night, the splendid carnation that fever gives paints her cheeks.

"And you will have it put in *all* the papers," she says, laughing restlessly; "*all* of them—you must not forget—a fine, long, flourishing paragraph—do you mind?—in *all* of them."

"What an extraordinary thing to give a thought to!" I say, suspiciously. "If you had two columns of the *Times* devoted to you, how much good would it do you?"

"Good? Oh, none at all; but it is amusing. Flowers of newspaper eloquence are always entertaining, don't you know? And one likes one's friends—one's friends at a distance—to know what is happening to one."

A light begins to break upon me, but it is such an unpleasant one that for the moment I ask no more questions. A pause. There are so many things—true, yet eminently disagreeable—to be said, that I hesitate which to begin upon. Lenore presently saves me the trouble.

"If—if—if he were to see me now," she says, sitting down at my feet, and smiling excitedly up at me, "he could not think I was pining much for him, could he?"

The unpleasant light grows clearer.

"When he sees the account of my wedding in the papers—so soon—so immediately—such a brilliant marriage, too; I am so glad it is a good one—he will realize" (laughing ironically) "how irreparable an injury his desertion has inflicted on me, will not he?"

"Is it possible?" say I, with shocked emphasis. "I suspected it when you began to talk to me; I am *sure* of it now. Lenore! Lenore! you are going to be madder than all Bedlam and Hanwell together!"

"I am—am I?" speaking with listless inattention to my words, and still pursuing her own thoughts.

"Marrying one man to pique another always seemed to me the most thorough 'pulling your nose to vex your face,'" I continue, in great heat.

No remark, no comment on my homely illustration.

"Suppose he does hear of your marriage; suppose he does read every paragraph in all the papers about it; suppose he reads that you had twelve bridesmaids, and that you went off in a coach-and-six, how much the worse will he be or how much the better you?"

Still no answer; but she listens.

"He will feel a little stab of pain, perhaps—of mortified vanity, more likely; but it will be a very little one, not big enough to spoil his dinner (he likes his dinner); while you, my poor soul, where will you be?"

She has been lying with her head in my lap; at these last words she snatches it hurriedly up.

"What do you mean?" she cries, in a fury. "How dare you pity me? I am not a 'poor soul.' I am a very fortunate person—very much to be envied. Hundreds of people would change places with me so would you, if you could."

"Hm! I don't know."

A pause.

"Lenore," say I, earnestly, putting my hand under her chin, and lifting her unwilling face toward mine, "listen to me, for I am talking sense. I never had a husband, which is more my misfortune than my fault, but all the same, I know what I am about. If you marry Charlie now, you will like him *at last*; I am sure of that. I do not believe in the most perversely faithful woman *always* hating, *always* having a distaste for a handsome, manly, loving husband. Yes, you will end by liking him even better than he does you. It is always the way. But you will have to go through purgatory first; and, what is more unfair, you will have to drag him through too, poor boy!"

"Bah!" she says, with a scornful laugh; "it is nothing when you are used to it. If I have not been there, I am sure I do not know where I have been, ever since that accursed ball. Shall I ever again hear those detestable fiddles squeaking, and those vile wind instruments blowing and blaring, without going mad? I doubt it—I doubt it!"—putting her hands wildly to her ears, as if to shut out sounds of utter pain and horror.

"You rather dislike him than otherwise now," pursue I, pushing my advantage; "you are always better pleased to see him leave a room than enter it. Well, before your wedding-tour is over, you will *abhor* him. It requires an immense stock of love at starting to support the dead sweet monotony of a honeymoon."

She shudders.

"My dear child," I cry, with affectionate emphasis, "think better of it; if you must marry him—poor dear Charlie, I am sorry for him—at least put it off for six months; let us have a little time to breathe. If you will reflect a moment, I think you will see that to be handed on from one man to another within a week is hardly lady-like, hardly *modest*!"

At the last word the deep red on her cheeks grows yet deeper; but by the hard, defiant smile that curves her lips I know that I might as well have spoken to the winter wind that is howling and gnashing its angry teeth outside.

"Jemima," she says, calmly, "as I once before observed to you, you will never make your fortune in the pulpit; your sentiments are first rate, but they make one drowsy. See, I am yawning myself. As to *modest*, that is neither here nor there; you dragged in the word by the head and shoulders to prop your argument. As to *lady-like*, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference to me whether I am or not."

To this I say nothing. I only walk away to the window.

"Do not dissuade me!" she cries, falling from defiance to a tone of almost nervous entreaty, as she stands before me, twisting her hands. "Let me marry him in peace. Your little cut-and-dried saws are very neatly cut, very accurately dried, but they do not *fit*; you mean well, but one knows one's self best."

"Hm!"

"Do you think," she continues, with irritable impatience, "that I can go on *now* in the old groove—the old groove that I kept so

contentedly to before—before the earth opened and swallowed all I had?"

No answer.

"Can I go on," she pursues, with deepening agitation, "watching you drop the stitches in your knitting, listening to Sylvia's weak cackle, hearing those awful children plunging and bellowing about? Do you know, Jemima, for the last few days, every time they have come blundering and shrieking into the room, I have felt inclined to scream out loud? I have not done it, because you would have put me into a mad-house if I had; but, all the same, I have felt the inclination."

I shake my head despondently.

"If he marries me," she says, her eyes wandering restlessly about, and speaking quickly and excitedly, "he will take me away to beautiful places, away from all the dreadful old things and people. It will be delightful—delightful! I shall begin all over again—my life over again! He will take me where there are no children—no Sylvia—no Jemimas—no self! Yes" (laughing uneasily), "I mean to leave *myself* behind. I mean to be a new, fresh person—a happy, prosperous person. I *wish* to be happy—I am *determined* to be happy. Jemima" (entreatingly), "for God's sake, do not hinder me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFRAID.

AFTER singing, silence; after roses, thorns;
All the blackest midnights built o'er golden morns;
After flowering, fading; bitter after sweet
Yellow, withered stubble, after waving wheat.

After green, the dropping of the shrivelled leaf,
Like the sudden lopping of some dear belief;
After gurgling waters, dry, unsightly beds;
After exultation, lowly-hanging heads.

So I shrink and shiver at your proffered kiss,
Knowing pain must follow on the heel of bliss;
Knowing loss must find me sleeping on your breast:
Leave me while you love me—this is surely best!

—Like a blushless flower left upon its stem,
Sweetening the thickness of the forest's hem;
Like a hidden fountain, never touched of lips;
Like an unknown ocean, never sailed by ships—

Thus I shall be fairer to your untried thought,
Than if all my living into yours were wrought.
Hearts' dreams are the sweetest in a lonely nest:
Leave me while you love me—this is surely best!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

TABLE-TALK.

THAT famous gambling palace, the Conversation-House at Baden-Baden, is at last closed forever; and the outraged morals of Europe are avenged. The final license terminated on the last day of the year just gone, and one resort, at least, for the adventurers of all nations, who find it necessary to retrieve suddenly fortunes suddenly swept away, is abolished. Baden will still remain one of the loveliest spots on earth, one of the most alluring of watering-places, one of the most convenient of hunting-rendezvous. The frequenters of Baden have always comprised two classes—those who went there to gamble, or to see the gambling, and those who went there in spite of the gambling. The Conversation-House, with its collateral attractions—the musical *matinées* and the cozy little park, the gilded saloons and almost nightly *fêtes*, the cunning insinuation of art into this haunt of vice, so as to refine and gloss it to an external decency—was certainly pleasant, peculiarly pleasant to the fashionable multitude in whom conscience is dormant. You might, at times, have seen even English clergymen jocularly risking their five-franc pieces at the *roulette*-table; and among the familiar faces which gathered about that board, with its sleek, impassable *croupier* and its little sharp, rattling ball, were to be seen prime-ministers and poets, opera composers and prima donnas, millionaire princesses from Poland, seedy students from Göttingen or Heidelberg, English “millords,” American shoddyerats, and South-American grandees. A striking feature of the Conversation-House was the democracy of it; no beggar was ever shown the door, so long as he refrained from begging; no prince was honored by a special welcome, or favored with a reserved arm-chair. All came indifferently, risked their five-franc piece or their five-thousand-franc *rouleau*, lolled on the capacious lounges, chatted in the long saloon, or sat on the piazza listening to the fine band as it discoursed Meyerbeer’s or Rossini’s choicest strains. The lessees of the Conversation-House were always the virtual lords of Baden; the traditions of the lavish splendor and regal hospitality of “Le Rois Benazet” still linger in the drawing-rooms and on the boulevards of Europe; and scarcely less magnificent was the ostentation of Dupressoir, the last and just discredited monarch of the Conversation-House. Perhaps there was only one power capable of dethroning such a potentate; a power not unused to such work—Kaiser Wilhelm. The lessees, besides their license-fee to the state, which was something enormous, paid a rent of about sixty thousand dollars, bore all the other expenses of the establishment, provided the entertainments, such as the balls, concerts, operas, and music on the lawn, kept the park in order, and spared no expense to add to the

allurements of the place, their compensation being the profits derived from the gambling. The extent of the gambling may be fancied when it is stated that Benazet died gorged with wealth, and that Dupressoir retires with a fortune which would be ample enough to buy a *château* on Como, purchase an Italian principedom, and spend the remainder of his life in a state of luxury befitting such a residence and such a title. Many will, however, rejoice that the Conversation-House will no longer be a gambling-resort, and that its sole use hereafter will be for concerts and balls, and other innocent recreations. Baden itself lies in one of the sweetest of “happy valleys,” among pretty wooded hills, and on the border of the Black Forest; its old Schloss perched on the summit of a picturesque hill overlooking the broad vale of the Rhine, its new Schloss on a natural terrace just above the town, and its attractions as a resting-place and watering-place, will be in nowise diminished by its loss.

—A worthy old gentleman has just died at Birmingham, England, of whom, while his name is famous to the ends of the earth, probably as little is generally known as of the obscurist of New-York newsboys. He, more than any other man of his generation, had practical experience of the fact that “the pen is mightier than the sword”—at least, mightier as the instrument by which to achieve a great fortune. His name was Joseph Gillott; what author, book-keeper, clerk, or even writer of friendly letters—what school-boy, what sailor blundering over a log-book, or country grocer making out bills, has not read it on his pen, as he wrote? Gillott, from being a Sheffield grinder—and rumor has it that he was a very “charitable grinder”—became the greatest manufacturer of pens in the world; and in his old age was a patron of art, a lover of rare old books, and a hospitable gentleman, keeping an open house and a well-stocked cupboard. The pen trade in England is one of the most sharply-competitive of trades; but the grinder from Sheffield long ago took the lead, and has sturdily kept it ever since—excelling in all grades, it appears, from the wee nibs that make hair-strokes, to the stout-bodied “magnum bonums,” “ostriches,” and “swans.” Indeed, Mr. Gillott’s history is almost the history of the rise and progress of steel pens; when he began to make them, quills were universal, as they are still aristocratic. It is odd to observe how the aggregate handwriting has shrivelled within forty years. The manuscripts of our grandfathers were in large, bold characters—because such characters could be made with a quill, with the expenditure of as little force as is now used in making the smaller and lighter characters with steel nibs. At first the innovation was stoutly resisted, just as gas, railways, and the telegraph, were resisted by Tory-colored souls; but the great advantages of steel over quill

pens were too apparent not to make rapid progress in popular favor. It is said that, in the private schools of England, there were, for many years after Gillott’s factory was started, strict rules forbidding the scholars to use them; and even at this day there are aristocratic mansions where quills only are to be found and used. Lithographers seized upon steel pens as a most valuable implement for their art; the cheapness of steel pens caused their adoption among the lower and middle classes; and mankind, ever prone to indolence, and so indulgent to inventions, were not long in finding out that steel pens were less troublesome than quills, and that the current of thought might now flow on, without being checked therein by the necessity of pen-mending. It would be interesting to inquire how far the substitution of steel pens for quills has been responsible for the deterioration of handwritings; for it is certain that the general handwriting of our day is less intelligible, as well as less pleasing to the eye, than that of the quill era. Some of the French public offices compel the clerks to use quills for this reason. It is a common saying that great men write abominably; but this could not be said of Washington, Jefferson, or Lafayette, of Goethe, or Schiller, or of the signers of our Declaration of Independence—users of quills, one and all. On the other hand, Byron, Wellington, and Napoleon, wrote badly; while among modern writers many may be found distinguished for their skill in calligraphy.

—Boston is infected with the ambition to become one of the “great cities,” and is casting covetous eyes upon the pleasant circle of suburban towns which have grown up around her, and have hitherto served mainly as the “dormitories” of her merchants and well-to-do citizens. The high and fast-increasing prosperity of the city since the close of the war has resulted in the rapid growth of new streets and quarters, especially on the Back-Bay lands, that inlet of old Ocean having been to a great degree gradually crowded out by the made land, and stately blocks now filling the space once the mooring-place of pleasure-boats and the scene of skating-fêtes. These made lands are rapidly extending across to the western main-land, and seem to threaten, as they approach, the absorption of the suburbs which have grown up there. The incorporation of Roxbury and Dorchester under the city government has only whetted Boston’s appetite, which is beginning to clamor quite loudly for more, with a view to finally absorb the complete circle from Dorchester to Chelsea, and thus give the city a diameter of some seven or eight miles. Some of the suburbs are ready enough to be absorbed, being dazzled by visions of the magical rise in real estate, of new and broad avenues to be constructed across their territory, and of water and gas privileges which now they know not. But there are other sub

urbs, directly within the grand circle, which are quite content with their present umbrageous semi-rusticity, and which view with evident dislike the prospect of the encroachment of brick and brown-stone, preferring their own cosy little governments to the complications of the Boston City Hall, and afraid lest the din of a city should break in on and disturb the serenity of their comfortable nests. Brookline, especially, has become warmly remonstrative, and decides by a vote of four to one that she does not want to be annexed, and only desires to be left in peace beneath her elms and chestnuts; and Charlestown, herself a city, has no notion of giving up her own mayor and aldermen to assist in electing a mayor and aldermen for other people. The covetous urban eye has not yet rested with any degree of intentness upon the university city of Cambridge; but when it does, as it surely will, there will not fail to be professorial expostulation, and the same appeal to be let alone which has already been heard on either side of her. Probably, however, the old story of the spider and the fly will be repeated in this case, and the money and influence of Boston will prevail, and the struggling suburban flies be drawn *bon gré mal gré* into her web.

— The long-talked-of Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which John Taylor Johnston is president, with William Cullen Bryant, John A. Dix, William H. Aspinwall, Alexander T. Stewart, Edwin D. Morgan, William H. Riggs, Marshall O. Roberts, Andrew H. Green, and Henry G. Stebbins, as vice-presidents, and a number of prominent gentlemen as trustees, has at last resulted in something positive and practical. Last summer two officers of the Museum purchased in Europe, on their own personal responsibility, at a cost of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, an extensive and valuable collection of pictures, numbering one hundred and seventy-four, principally of the Dutch and Flemish schools. It comprises two galleries, one purchased in Paris and one in Brussels, with a few pictures bought separately. Each of the collections was rich in specimens of the Northern schools, and by rare good fortune they supplement one another admirably, so that the whole combined gallery of paintings may be considered as a tolerably respectable representative of the schools of art to which it is chiefly devoted. Indeed, by the purchase of examples of a few Italian and other masters, it can be made practically complete. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the collection is a splendid specimen of Vandyck, valued at twenty thousand dollars. A statement made by three celebrated European experts, besides setting forth the character of the pictures, their authenticity, and comparative merit, computes the pecuniary value of the pictures, and sets it very high. After a careful examination by a committee of the trustees, and a conviction that the price paid was well within

the value of the paintings, the collection was accepted, and during the present month will be thrown open in a building well adapted for the purpose, at No. 681 Fifth Avenue. The stigma that has so long rested upon our great city of being without an art-gallery has at last been removed; and it is not too much to hope that, before the present generation shall have passed away, New York will be in possession of a collection that will occupy a respectable position among the great art-galleries of the world.

— A New-England contemporary, in an article on savings-banks, makes the following comment: "Too often the large amounts of money gathered in savings-banks are pointed to as evidences of a prosperous condition of affairs. It is, however, evidence of the exact reverse. With business prosperous, nearly every large depositor would have his money in productive business, adding to the wealth and resources of the State." It is strange the writer of this article cannot see that deposits in savings-banks are actively employed in productive business, and ceaselessly adding to the "wealth and resources of the State." How else could the banks pay the depositor interest on his funds if the money placed in their charge was not productively employed? The community is in nowise concerned as to the person who employs capital, whether the original owner or the borrower, so long as it is invested advantageously. It often happens that those who borrow from a bank have larger experience and better skill in employing capital than the owners, and hence the "wealth and resources of the State" are notably advanced in their hands. A concentration of capital in banks is favorable in almost every aspect that it may be viewed; it utilizes a multitude of small sums that otherwise would be idle, and it puts capital usually into the hands of those best capable of successfully using it. The accumulation of money in banks can be assumed as indicative of a decline in prosperity only when the banks cannot invest their funds—that is to say, the figures for our contemporary to consult in regard to the prosperousness of trade, are not the sum of the deposits, but the amount of interest the banks can continue to pay.

Correspondence.

Insects of San Domingo.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

I HAVE read with unusual interest the article from the pen of Dr. Harvey E. Brown, on page 47 of volume vi., describing the "Insect Pests of San Domingo." It is interesting as a chapter in natural history, but reads as though it were designed to frighten away from Dr. Howe's "Garden Spot" all timid Yankees, even though Uncle Sam should decide to take it for a new watering-place. I have spent eight months in the West Indies, and have had some little chance to see and "feel" some

of the "insects, blood-thirsty and voracious," which he describes.

First, as to the mosquitoes, I find them no more annoying than those that have assailed me in Jersey City, although we have a tank of rain-water alongside the house, with no glazed or "mosquito-barred" windows to keep them out.

As to the "chigoe, or chique (*Pulex penetrans*)," I have never been annoyed by them; and, as Dr. Brown acknowledges, it is only the laziness of the negroes, who neglect to remove the insects from under the skin, that causes suffering. And, if any live Yankee should prove to be such a devoted scientist and experimentalist as the Capuchin monk whose folly he quotes from "Walton," he would certainly deserve to have not only both legs amputated to save his life, but his precious head too.

The painful ulcers, "difficult to heal," resulting from the bite of the "*bite rouge*," I think would be as quickly experienced in the warmer portions of the United States by any man whose blood is in a bad condition, were he bitten by a native-born American "tick" (*Ixodes Americanus*).

His description of the scorpion (*Scorpio*) reminds me of my earlier ideas of the size and venom of this insect. After reading of them in the book of Revelation, I felt satisfied that they were about the size of horses. Certainly, Dr. Brown must have seen some very large scorpions in San Domingo. I have seen a few here, which, with young ones covering their backs, were undoubtedly full-grown; yet they did not exceed two inches in length. One that I now have in spirits—the largest I ever saw—is just two and a half inches long. A gentleman near me states that he has seen scorpions and centipedes in the tropics "nearly" six inches long. He does not say how near, or how far off. I believe he thinks so. But many persons are constantly deceived in the dimensions of the most commonplace things. However, I think Dr. Brown is correct in saying of the scorpion that "it probably never makes a fatal wound."

The cockroaches (*Blatta Orientalis*) are certainly large, and given to the habit of eating for a living. When provisions are scarce, they will commit suicide by eating the heads of matches, but "don't like to." To cupboards that are little used and long closed, they give a "fetid odor," truly, but not to those in constant use. They can be easily excluded from cases without crevices by having close-fitting lids and doors. Books that are exposed to the air, and handled—that is, made use of—are never injured by them; but hoard your books or perishable effects in dark, "creviced" closets, and they will soon attack them. If Dr. Brown had seen some apartments in New York that I have had to cleanse of vermin before I could occupy them, his account might have frightened timid folks from your metropolis. A man with half the enterprise of a Yankee school-boy would not endure these roaches a month. Dogs, chickens, bats, etc., delight to eat them, so that they are attacked night and day. Chickens prefer them to caterpillars, and will rush after them in flocks. Hence none but lazy people need endure them any longer in San Domingo than they would in New York.

The ants are a blessing. They often destroy dead and corrupt things before they have time to taint the air, will attack live scorpions, etc., worry them to death, and eat them. We have none here longer than three-sixteenths of an inch.

In conclusion, let me say about San Domin-

go that all the objections I have heard to its annexation are as baseless as the terrors of its insect pests, which are really nothing when encountered with energy and the appliances of civilization. Put Americans there, and the venomous insects a foot long will diminish rapidly in length and numbers; and so will all the other pests of the island, which is, in truth, naturally one of the finest countries in the world.

C. H. K.

A Thunder-bolt.

CROCKETT, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, January 12, 1872.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

LAST Friday, January 5th, in this section of our State, was remarkable for meteoric phenomena. The day began with a severe thunder-storm, and, although it was mid-winter, there was an uninterrupted succession of thunder-storms until night. During one of the severest of these storms, Mr. N. O. Thompson, of this county, was at the house of a friend in the town of Pennington, Trinity County, about fifteen miles from this place. He and several others were watching the progress of the storm, and were looking out of a window when their attention was attracted by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrific peal of thunder. They say the lightning struck the earth, and at the point where it fell they saw something lying on the ground. They immediately ran to the spot, and found a piece of matter burning with a blue blaze. Upon attempting to pick it up, they found it too hot for the hand. When it had sufficiently cooled, they took it up, and found it was about six inches long, with an average thickness of one inch, and with a hole running lengthwise through the middle of it. The sides of this hole are smoked, as if an oiled wick had been burned in it.

There was so much curiosity among those present that they broke off pieces of it, instead of preserving it entire, as they should have done. Mr. Thompson brought a piece to me to be analyzed, if possible. This fragment is about one inch in length. It is evidently a cinder, and hence it is almost impossible to ascertain what were its original constituents. The color is a bluish white, exhibits some evidence of original crystallization, with a very slight calcareous odor, but is very hard and brittle. I have no means of determining its composition; but, if any one who is qualified to do so will take the trouble to investigate this subject, I will with pleasure forward to him the scintilla, if that be its true name.

Mr. Thompson says there is no doubt of the fact that the piece now in our possession came to the earth in a discharge of lightning, and all who were with him at the time that it fell sustain him in the assertion. Mr. Thompson's character for veracity is above question, and whatever he affirms will be indorsed by every one who knows him.

Truly yours,
JOHN SPENCE.

The House of Orleans.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

IN Mr. Towle's sketch of the Duke d'Aumale, he describes Gaston, Louis XIII.'s brother, as regent after this king's death. Now, the truth is, that Gaston never became regent of the kingdom. During Richelieu's life, this miserable Gaston was always more or less getting up conspiracies, and most generally lost heart—for he was a consummate coward—

when the time came for carrying the plots into execution. The most serious of these was the conspiracy in which Cinq Mars, the king's equerry, and the noble De Thou, lost their lives, while the craven-hearted duke fled in time. After the death of Louis XIII., it is well known that Anne of Austria became regent, the wily Cardinal Mazarin being her prime-minister; while Gaston, with Condé and other nobles, formed the noted Fronde, in opposition to the cardinal and the queen, but were not permanently successful.

Philippe, the first of the late Dukes d'Orleans, Louis XIV.'s brother, left a son behind him, who at least deserves some mention in history for having been Regent of France after the death of Louis XIV.; but this son was the fruit of a second marriage of his father (Henrietta Stuart having died by poison), with a Palatinate princess. Then, again, this Regent of France married the Duchess de Berry, one of Louis XIV.'s illegitimate daughters.

I must dissent from Mr. Towle's remark that Louis Philippe was "not himself in any way remarkable." Certainly, what he says of his life in this very article shows that he was "remarkable" for accepting the situation, whatever it was, whether doorkeeper at the Jacobin Club (by-the-way, a fact by no means well proved), or school-teacher, or king. The Citizen King certainly governed France with wisdom, and she was prosperous under his seventeen years' reign. The two other sons of Philippe Egalité were not mentioned by Mr. Towle; neither is Madame Adélaïde, his daughter, and her brother's steadfast friend and counsellor. He is also mistaken in saying that Thiers attended the king when he took the oath, his attendants on that occasion being Lafayette and Lafayette. M. Thiers had been, the day before, at Neuilly, but could not find the Duke d'Orleans, who had absented himself purposely.

As the eldest son of Louis Philippe never had any but a subordinate command in Algeria, he could not have given to his brother Aumale the command of a subdivision, more especially in 1849, the year of his death, which, if I recollect aright, he passed in Paris.

Lastly, it was not the Duke d'Aumale himself, but his nephew, the Duke de Chartres, who, as Captain and afterward Major Chartres, served in the French army during the late war, and greatly distinguished himself.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

E. S.

A Question of Bones.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

IN your issue of January 6th, among the "Scientific Notes," you say: "Mr. Jeffrey has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging, it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely ever a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve, if exposed to the action of the water but a little time." In the number of January 20th, while reading "The Wreck of the Hussar," I found that "in a little out-house, not far from the ship, there is a champagne-basket filled with human bones and skulls, all thrown in haphazard, just as they were lifted out of the mason's bucket from the wreck."

Now, these bones have soaked in salt-water for four-fifths of a century, and have not yet "dissolved." Do you account for this fact by saying that these bones are of the kind that are "rarely" taken out? or, that the bones of the poor fellows, whose terrible end is so forcibly portrayed, grew so hard from rough usage that they, like teeth, were able to "resist the destroying action of the sea-water indefinite-

ly?" or, again, that this exposure of these human remains for "eighty-five" years is less than a "little time?" or, that this is an exception to the rule, any way!

D. C. P.

We cannot answer the questions of D. C. P., except by suggesting that probably the "little time" of Mr. Jeffrey is, like geologic time generally, of considerable length, compared with the years of man's life. In scientific parlance, it may mean several centuries. If so, the case of the Hussar would not disprove the theory. If, however, our correspondent is really anxious to know how it is himself, we advise him to deposit some bones in the sea, and patiently await the result. We make this suggestion in the spirit of the old Greek who, having heard that crows live for two centuries, bought one to test the fact for himself.—EDITOR.

The Grave of Poe.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

IN the issue of date January 27, 1872, an article entitled "The Grave of Poe," over the signature of Eugene L. Didier, appeared, in which is contained what purports to be a copy of an inscription upon a marble intended to mark the last resting-place of the poet. If this inscription—"HIC TANDEM FELICIS CONDUNTUR RELIQUIS EDGAR ALLAN POE"—be in truth that which was meant to inform the world that there slept one, the story of whose life is the saddest ever told, 'tis well the stone was broken. To call one happy whose life was all unhappy—could keener, more cutting irony be conceived?

I hope Mr. Didier made some mistake in transferring the inscription from the stone to paper, as he has most certainly done in endeavoring to render *Hic tandem felix*—"Here, at last, he is happy." You will readily perceive that *tandem* in the sentence modifies *conduntur*, while *felix* qualifies *Edgar*, making the entire translation read literally: "Here, at last, rest (or, are buried) the remains of the happy Edgar Allan Poe;" and even by curtailing the sentence, and supplying *est*, the gentleman could not by the most liberal construction make it read: "Here, at last, he is happy"—as in that form he would not want *felix* in the genitive singular, even if the rest of the construction were allowable.

I am inclined to think Mr. Didier permitted his poetical inspirations to run away with his rules of grammar, even if he copied correctly from the broken monument, which I trust he did not; for to call happy one whose life had seen so much sorrow is bitter sarcasm.

G. A. BEERY.

Miscellany.

Bridal Tours.

CARL BENSON has written an eminently judicious letter to the *New-York Times* in censure of "Bridal Tours," pointing out not only the absurdity of the fashionable practice of wedding journeys, but the great injury to the newly-wedded couple that often arises from them. "Looking at the custom," he says, "from an æsthetic and sentimental point of view, nothing can be more repulsive. An American marriage is, in theory, a love-match; and it is generally so in practice. Now, two persons in love want to see as much as possible of each other, and as little as possible of other people. It is true, we find exceptions; there are individuals whose diseased vanity

desires to give publicity to every act of their life. But these vulgarians are, happily, rare in any class. An instinct of seclusion and modesty is the general rule. Yet this absurd custom forces a new-married couple either to put an unnatural restraint on their legitimate affection, or to make themselves ridiculous before the public. Now, in the common-sense, practical, man-of-the-world point of view, the fashion is equally objectionable. It is notorious that nothing except marriage itself tries the temper more than joint travel. At the very outset of their life-partnership, the quality on which the happiness of that union principally depends, is put to the rudest strain. The happy couple expose themselves to the insolence of hackmen and clerks, the discomforts of rail and hotel, irregular hours, and uncertain meals. The Irishman in the song married a wife to make him 'unasy.' A wedding-tour on one of our great thoroughfares of travel is admirably contrived to accomplish this result for both parties." But not merely in matters of taste is the custom an objectionable one; the period that follows the bridal-day is a critical one in every woman's life: "After the moral and physical excitement which attends it, her system demands absolute rest, repose, quiet, regular and good living, a supporting and restorative way of life. If these can be secured for some weeks, so much the better, but at any rate they are necessary for some days. Not only her health for the rest of her mortal existence, but the health and strength of her offspring may be, and often are, materially affected by the want of proper care at this time. Instead of which, the bridal tour piles on additional excitement and fatigue, makes regularity of life impossible—in short, involves the exact reverse of all that the rules of health and physiology require.

"At peril of being thought effeminate, I will go farther and say that, for the man, too, at this time, repose and calm, though not so necessary, are highly desirable. It constantly happens, in the case of both sexes, that a slight indisposition, which, passed unnoticed in the hurry of preparation, is aggravated to a serious and even fatal extent by the excitement, and exposure, and neglect, consequent on the wedding-tour. No man, for instance, would think of postponing his marriage on account of a slight cold. If he stayed quietly at home afterward and took care of himself, it would pass away, like other slight colds; he goes off on a bridal tour in the depth of winter, and the malady develops into a chronic pulmonary complaint. Nor would a young woman put off her marriage because she felt a little extra lassitude and want of appetite, with an occasional headache, which, however, may be premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. If you take typhoid in time, there is nothing especially dangerous about it; care and patience only are necessary, and it runs its course. But, if neglected at first, it is almost inevitably fatal. Last year two cases came under my observation, the one of a bride, the other of a bridegroom, dying of typhoid just after a wedding trip, which had caused the early symptoms to be misunderstood and neglected. And I have known things worse than death to happen—insanity, temporary or permanent, brought on by the extra fatigue and excitement of the wedding journey."

These comments by Carl Benson recall similar censures uttered by Victor Hugo in "*Les Misérables*," in the description of the marriage of Cosette and Marius. "The fashion of marriage," he says, "was not, in 1833, what it is to-day. France had not yet borrowed from England that supreme delicacy of eloping with

one's wife, of making one's escape on leaving the church, of hiding one's self, ashamed of one's happiness, and of combining the behavior of a bankrupt with the transports of Solomon's Song. They had not yet learned all that there is chaste, exquisite, and decent in jolting one's paradise in a post-chaise, in intersecting one's mystery with click-clack, in taking a tavern bed for a nuptial bed, and in leaving behind, in the common alcove of so much a night, the most sacred of life's memories pell-mell with the interviews between the *diligence*-conductor and the servant-girl of the tavern. . . . 'Twas still imagined in that day, strange to tell, that a marriage is an intimate and social festival; that a patriarchal banquet does not spoil a domestic solemnity; that gayety, even excessive, provided it be seemly, does no harm to happiness; and, finally, that the fusion of these two destinies, whence a family is to arise, should commence in the house, and that the household should have the nuptial chamber for a witness henceforth."

Sir Henry Holland.

The "Life of Sir Henry Holland" is one to be recollected, and he has not erred in giving an outline of it to the public. In the very nature of things it is such a life as cannot often be repeated. Even if there were many men in the profession capable of living to the age of eighty-four, and then writing their life with fair hope of further travels, it is not reasonable to expect that there could ever be more than a very few lives so full of incidents worthy of being recorded autographically as the marvellous life which we are fresh from perusing. The combination of personal qualities and favorable opportunities in Sir Henry Holland's case is as rare as it is happy. But that is one reason for recording the history of it. Sir Henry's life cannot be very closely imitated, but it may be closely studied. We have found the study of it, as recorded in the book just published, one of the most delightful pieces of recreation which we have enjoyed for many days. And, if we cannot all follow closely the example set us by Sir Henry, we can gather from it some lessons which, as medical men, we are apt never to learn till our powers begin to flag or fail under the drudgery of monotonous professional work.

We have all heard of the two physicians charging each other—the one with knowing nothing but physic, and the other with knowing every thing except physic. One great value of Sir Henry's life is to show the possibility of a medical man knowing medicine so well, notwithstanding that he was never officially connected with a hospital, that he could write "Medical Notes and Reflections" that are still read by all cultivated practitioners as models of sagacious and careful writing, and retain for a great number of years a very high position as a consulting physician, and yet at the same time be on intimate and confidential terms with the leading men in science, in letters, and in politics, in nearly all Europe and in the United States.

Sir Henry Holland's practice was enough to satisfy any ambitious man. Among his patients were pachas, princes, and premiers. Prince Albert, Napoleon III., Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Guizot, Palmella, Bulow, and Drouyn de Lhuys, Jefferson Davis, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Stowell, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Lyndhurst, to say nothing of men of other note, were among his patients. Sir Henry tells us, characteristically, that one day he astonished the present Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley and Foreign Secretary), when his

lordship was dining alone with Sir Henry, by informing him that forty-five years before that time he attended frequently his great-grandfather. Such patients represent no slight professional harass and responsibility. As to Sir Henry's income, he set bounds to it. He had not been in practice more than four years before it reached twelve hundred pounds, and he resolved that he would restrict his practice so that it should not exceed five thousand pounds, which sum it nearly though not quite reached. These facts are sufficient evidence of Sir Henry Holland's professional work, and yet he has contrived so to do it as to have had leisure for mastering a very high degree of classical knowledge, chiefly acquired by private study and a careful use of minutes; for keeping himself *en rapport* with the letter and spirit of the latest discoveries in physical science; for two months' adventurous and original travel every autumn, and, until very lately, with no companion; and for the full enjoyment of society in its highest and best forms. Sir Henry's travels would make a book of themselves. No country comes amiss to him. Volcanic regions are his especial delight; but he is equally at home in Greece and in the United States. His first foreign travel was a voyage to Iceland in 1810, having for a companion Dr. Richard Bright, who was also one of his school companions, taking with him vaccine lymph, and seeing more of the island than previous visitors had seen. Sixty-one years later, in the year 1871, he revisited Iceland, and was received at a public banquet of the Althing, or Parliament. Perhaps Sir Henry's most congenial travels, and those he regards most affectionately, are his early travels in Greece, elucidating various doubtful subjects of interest in classical geography. The news of Napoleon's escape from Elba reached Sir Henry at Naples, travelling with the Princess of Wales, and on the occasion of a great ball given by the Minister of Finance. He twice traversed parts of Portugal and Spain during the Peninsular War, visiting the military hospitals, hearing the bombardment of Cadiz by Soult, narrowly escaping on one occasion being made a prisoner, and riding over the battle-field of Vittoria while many of the killed were yet unburied. He has visited America eight times, and regards it almost as a home. In the year 1863, and when seventy-five years old, he was an active spectator, not to say actor, in the civil war then raging in the States, receiving hospitalities from President Lincoln and his principal civil and military colleagues. Sir Henry has rare qualities as a traveller. He was never sea-sick; if the sea was too stormy or the rain too heavy for being on deck, he would retire below and work at an article for the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*, between which happy extremes he divided his literary and scientific favors. He slept well. His knowledge of the ancient and later classics has given him a constant supply of recreative and delightful reading, and his deep familiarity with every question in letters and in science procured him the ready friendship of remarkable men in every place he visited. He could hold equal converse with them all. He could enjoy and criticize the acting of Talma, and he could give help to Schweighauser in his translation of Herodotus. He could talk politics with Lord Grey, or theology with the Bishop of Iceland. He could discuss astronomy with Laplace, definite proportions with Gay Lussac, and the "Cosmos" with Humboldt. Nothing is more noticeable in the brief accounts of his travels than the absence of medicine and the rarity of any allusion to physicians. He seems to have left all medical cares in Brook Street, and to have

abandoned himself to holiday in the form of any thing and every thing that was good out of medicine.

Such has been, and such we are glad to say still is, the manner of life of Sir Henry Holland, who by the breadth of his knowledge has added lustre to the profession. The elements of his character are easily defined, though they are rarely met with in one person. He loves Nature, and has often been willing to be alone with her. He has investigated her secrets in the true spirit of a philosopher, and enjoys the latest discoveries in physical science as much as if he had himself made them. Like the very few men whom he specifies, such as Young and Herschel, he combines the love of letters with the love of science; and besides all these qualities he is a man of society. He has been no recluse, but a prominent West-End physician who has found time to cultivate other sciences besides that of medicine, and at the same time to make a prominent figure in London society from 1815 down to this present. We cannot all be court physicians, and practise among patients who forsake town in the autumn; but we can all take a lesson out of the life of Sir Henry, and by so doing enrich and prolong our own, and raise the reputation and influence of the profession.—*London Lancet*.

Memorial of British Authors on the Subject of Copyright in the United States.

Harmonious relations being happily established between the United States and the United Kingdom, we, the undersigned, hope for a reconsideration of the policy in virtue of which British authors, as authors, enjoy no rights which American citizens are bound to respect.

Letters from influential Americans—one of them a leading New-York publisher—which have recently appeared here, joined with the approval of them expressed in the journals of the United States, show the desire of the Americans for the conclusion of a Copyright Convention between their country and ours. They maintain that such a convention should provide for the vesting of the British author's American copyright absolutely and inalienably in him. That condition appears to us both equitable and satisfactory. We understand that the demands of publishers in this country have hitherto been the most formidable obstacles to the negotiation of a Copyright Convention. We are of opinion that the interests of our publishers in American copyrights are quite independent of the just claims of British authors; and that the latter may be fully admitted without recognition of the former. We think it would be a grave error if the settlement of this matter were retarded, or rendered impossible, in consequence of two classes of claims, which, in essence, are wholly distinct, if not antagonistic, being regarded by negotiators representing this country as identical and inseparable.

Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book-manufacturer to a monopoly of their book-market they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing.

Without dwelling on the argument of the Americans that such an arrangement would not be free trade, but the negation of free trade, and merely noticing their further argument that, while their protective system raises the prices of all the raw materials, free competition with the British book-manufacturer would be fatal to the American book-manufacturer, it is clear that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author.

We venture to suggest, therefore, that, responding to the cordial feeling recently expressed by Americans on the subject, and duly appreciating the force of their reasons for making the above distinction, negotiations be renewed to secure a copyright on the conditions they specify.

Without making it the foundation of a formal claim for reciprocity of treatment, we mention the fact, that American authors may, if they please, secure all the advantages of copyright in the United Kingdom which are enjoyed by native authors.

(Signed) HERBERT SPENCER,
SIR JOHN LUBBOCK,
JOHN STUART MILL,
G. A. LEWES,
J. A. FROUDE,
THOMAS CARLYLE,
JOHN MORLEY,
And many others.

Jerusalem the Golden.

Jerusalem, the golden!
O city of the blest!
O heavenly land of promise!
The weary pilgrim's rest!
Safe through the thorny journey.
Freed from the strife of sin;
Within the walls of jasper,
The pearly gates within.
What peace, beyond all telling!
What joy, for them whose feet
Stand by the crystal river,
And walk the golden street!
With boughs of palm, like victors,
Arrayed in robes of white,
With hymns of glad thanksgiving,
They throng the halls of light.
They thirst not, neither hunger,
Who gain that bright abode,
With oil of love anointed
As kings and priests to God.
O dear and blessed vision
The Seer of Patmos tells!
What glad and hopeful tidings
The prophet's voice reveals!
Behold the Tabernacle
Of God is now with men!
And He will dwell among them,
And heal their grief and pain.
And he that overcometh,
Shall be the Father's heir
Within the glorious city,
And dwell forever there.

D. H. HOWARD.

Beatrice Cenci.

The history of this beautiful but unfortunate woman, who was executed at Rome on September 11, 1595, for the murder of her father, has again attracted attention in consequence of a criticism by William W. Story on the picture of this famous character, attributed to Guido Reni. Mr. Story says that, in the account of Beatrice to be found in the archives of the Cenci palace, there is no mention made of a portrait by Guido. In the manuscript family annals, Beatrice is described as being

small and of a fair complexion, with a round, smiling face, dimples in her cheeks, and extremely long, curling, golden hair. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing and full of fire. The portrait does not correspond with this description, as the eyes are hazel, the hair is not curling nor long, and the face has thin and haggard cheeks without any dimples. The famous alleged portrait of Beatrice Cenci, it may be mentioned, is by the best art-critics considered to be a fancy picture painted by some unknown pupil of Guido. This distinguished artist was born in 1575, at Bologna, and it is said did not visit Rome until after the execution of Beatrice, so that the romantic story about his sketching her features while she was on the way to the scaffold is untrue. Guido also painted in two distinct styles, and the picture is in his later manner, which was not adopted until some time after the death of Beatrice.

In Emergencies.

If a person falls in a fit, and begins to snore loudly, with very red face, it is apoplexy. Let him be seated so as to favor the blood going downward, away from the head; apply cold cloths to the head, or cushions of equal quantities of snow or pounded ice and common salt. If the person is perfectly still, face pale, and there is no perceptible breathing, it is a fit of fainting. Do not touch him, except to loosen the clothing; then keep off five or ten feet distant, so as to allow the air to come in; make no noise, and there will very soon be a calm, quiet return to consciousness and life, for it is only a momentary cessation of the circulation of the blood to the head. But suppose there is a very violent motion of the hands and feet, and all sorts of bodily contortions, it is epilepsy. Let the man contort until he is tired; you can't hold him still; all your efforts only tend to aggravate the trouble and to exhaust the strength; all that ought to be done is to keep the unfortunate from hurting himself. There is no felt suffering, for as soon as he comes to he will tell you that he remembers nothing whatever of what has passed, appears to be the only calm and self-possessed person in the whole crowd, and is apparently as perfectly well as before the occurrence. Dizziness often comes instantaneously, and we begin to reel before we know it. Shut the eyes, whether you are walking along the street, looking over a precipice, ascending a ladder, or climbing to a ship's mast-head; the fear or dizziness disappears instantly if you look upward.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Foreign Items.

A FEW weeks ago, Jean Charles Regnault, a well-known steel-engraver of Paris, committed suicide. Regnault had been for some time past in stringent circumstances, but his mind seemed not to be affected until his dog, which had been his favorite companion for the last ten years, died quite suddenly. The affectionate heart of the artist could not bear this loss, and he poisoned himself. One morning he was found dead on his bed with the corpse of the dog between his arms. He had left a letter in which he stated that he had found it impossible to survive the death of the only friend on earth who had never deceived and always loved him. Regnault was not fully forty years of age, and was a man of uncommon talent. For the last two years he had been living either in London or Tours, and had but lately moved to Paris, where he had won distinction before the war between France and Prussia.

The literary claims of the four newly-elected members of the French Academy are, with the exception of those of Emile Littré, rather slim. The Duke d'Aumale is the author of an excellent history of the Princes of Condé, but it is loudly whispered in Paris that a well-known Orleanist historian had a large share in the production of the work. Camille Rousset has written a learned and ingenious biography of Louvois, the great minister of war of Louis XIV. Victor de Loménie is best known as the author of "Beaumarchais and his Times," which has been translated into seven languages, and has been republished in this country by the Harpers. Emile Littré, however, is not only the most eminent disciple of Comte, but he is also the editor of that great dictionary of the French language which the most eminent critics of Europe rank even above the similar labors of the Brothers Grimm and Noah Webster in German and English literature. Strange to say, Littré's claims were most energetically contested, and his election led to the resignation of Bishop Dupanloup.

In reply to the flattering toast which the czar, at the recent feast of St. George, proposed in honor of Germany and the German armies, the Emperor William has presented his imperial nephew with the original plan of the great Prussian campaign, as it was written in Count von Moltke's own handwriting immediately after the declaration of war by France. The czar, in acknowledging the precious document, said that he considered the present the most valuable contribution that could have been made to the imperial collection of celebrated autographs.

Rumor has it that one of the most unfortunate marshals of the empire will shortly marry a rich young widow who last summer took her revenge, for the disasters of the French armies, at the green table of Baden-Baden and Homburg, and, after a brilliant campaign of four weeks, retreated to France with four hundred and fifty thousand florins. The marshal heard of this patriotic demonstration, and was so deeply touched by it that he offered the lady his hand and heart, which were, of course, gracefully accepted.

On the 30th of December last there died, at the lunatic asylum of Erlangen, Count Gustav Chorinsky, who was sent about three years ago to the state-prison for twenty years for the murder of his wife. Immediately after the trial the count became insane, and had to be transferred to the hospital for the insane, where death has now terminated his criminal career. His accomplice in the crime and his former mistress, Julia Ebergenyi, is in the penitentiary, and enjoying excellent health.

The Emperor of Brazil is making himself very popular with the authors and artists of Paris, with whom he is associating on a footing of perfect equality. He has personally called on all the celebrities of the French capital, and even made a trip to Nohant, in Berry, in order to pay his respects to George Sand. The emperor is himself the author of several novels, which have been published anonymously.

The work of centralization is going on rapidly in Germany. Brockhaus, the most eminent publisher of Leipzig, opens a branch house in Berlin, and will shortly perhaps transfer his whole business to the capital of the German Empire.

Lulu, the ex-prince imperial, will probably be sent to the United States next summer, and

perhaps be accompanied by Prince Napoleon. Lulu is now sixteen years of age, and is said to speak five languages fluently. The Empress Eugénie is writing up her tour through Spain, which will be edited by Théophile Gautier.

Persigny predicted, on his death-bed, the restoration of the empire within ten years. The great champion of imperialism has left memoirs which will shed a new light on the *coup d'état*, of which Persigny was the original author. But these memoirs will probably be withheld for some time from the public.

Professor Rubini has discovered, in a cooper's shop of Boulogne, a young tenor, by the name of Devilliers, whose voice is said to surpass even Wachtel's in power and compass. The professor thinks that the new star will be able to appear within three months at the Grand Opera-house of Paris.

Prince Poniatowski, the favorite composer of the Empress Eugénie, who was made a senator of the empire, and afterward went with the imperial family to England, has returned to Paris, and is now a candidate for Auber's seat at the French Institute.

Simultaneously with Talleyrand's "Memoirs," will be published the "Memoirs of the Duchess de Dino," the niece of the great statesman, who, during the last twenty years of Talleyrand's life, did the honors of his house.

From Leipzig we hear of a new pianist of the highest order. The new *virtuoso* is a young Swedish lady of rare beauty and accomplishments. Her name is Erika Lie, and the most eminent musical critics compare her to Clara Schumann.

Thiers is said to be fully as much vexed at the defeat of Edmond About for a seat in the French Academy as of the defeat of his tariff law in the Assembly. Immediately after the election, he is said to have entertained the idea of sending in his resignation as a member of the Hall of the Immortals.

During the first nine months of 1871 the Suez Canal has yielded a revenue of 7,736,000 francs, less than one-half of the interest due on the stock and bonds issued by the company.

The royal poet of Sweden has just completed a short epic, of which his grandfather, Bernadotte, is the hero.

Varieties.

THE amount of money sent across the water by immigrants to friends left behind, principally to pay their passage to America, is rather surprising. From the official returns of the emigration commissioners of England, it appears that in 1870 there was sent from this country, to Ireland principally, \$5,630,040 in gold, of which \$1,663,190 was for prepaid passages. In the twenty-three years from 1848 to 1870, inclusive, this is upward of \$81,670,000 in gold, being an average of about \$3,899,047 yearly. But this amount is probably somewhat below the actual amount sent, as it only includes what has been sent through banks and commercial houses. Of whatever may have been sent through private channels there is no knowledge. And these sums, large as they are, are made up by careful savings from the wages of servant-girls and day-laborers.

A Western paper thinks the snail has a "right smart chance for a toothache." He has one hundred and ten rows of teeth, with one hundred and ten teeth in each row, or twelve thousand two hundred and ten in all.

Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is a cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, being of a beautiful crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

Young rhymesters, ambitious of poetic honors, may read with profit the following letter addressed to one of their class, and which he acknowledged "helped him in getting his head clear of a vast amount of nonsense:"

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read the verses you sent me with attention. I should say that the conception was better than the execution. To write true poetry demands an immense deal of study and practice. I see that you want skill in the mechanics of the art, while I find many images that are poetical and striking. Let me counsel you to keep out of print till you have written something which shall speak for itself, and about which you will need to take advice of no one. Meanwhile, cultivate all your faculties, for success in any thing demands the whole of a man. Very truly your friend,"

"J. R. LOWELL."

A distinguished German scholar, Herr Kelb, in a recently-published work, considers that he has settled the true date of the Crucifixion. He shows that there was a total eclipse of the moon concomitant with the earthquake which occurred when Julius Cæsar was assassinated, on the 15th of March, a. c. 44. He has also calculated the Jewish calendar to A. D. 31, and the results of his researches confirm the facts recorded by the Evangelists of the wonderful physical events that accompanied the Crucifixion. His astronomical calculations also show that on the 6th of April, A. D. 31, there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied, in all probability, by the earthquake spoken of in Matthew.

Our Saviour never drove His over-tired faculties. When tired, "He sat by the well." He used to go and rest in the house of Mary and Martha after the fatigues of working in Jerusalem. He tells us all, you and me, to let the morrow take care of itself, and merely to meet the evils of the present day. Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future. If we take more in hand now than we can do well, we break up, and the work is broken up with us.

Mr. Carl Rosa publishes the following note: "I see it is said that the greatest pay ever received by a singer was twenty-two thousand dollars paid to Nilsson for twenty nights of opera in New York. I have paid Wachtel thirty thousand dollars for the same period in a New-York engagement."

When Cremieux, the Communist, was placed before the platoon which was to shoot him, he said: "Spare my head; shoot at my breast, for my family want my body. *Vive la République!*—and he fell over. He left an unfinished tragedy in five acts.

This is a know joke:

Quoth John: "A knowing man am I; from debt I'm always free."
Quoth Jim: "An owing man am I; in debt I'll always be."

The betrothal of Alexis to Princess Mary Elizabeth of Prussia will soon be officially announced. The princess is the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles.

It is suggested to aeronauts to take a double-barrelled gun with them on ascensions, as a means of providing themselves at a moment's warning with a pair o' shoot.

An Iowa girl has contracted to cut and clear three hundred and twenty acres of timber-land this winter.



THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY."—No. 8.

IN EVERY PARTICULAR THE FINE GENTLEMEN WHO GATHER AT THE FASHIONABLE HOTEL PORCH ARE *POINT-DEVICE*; AND OF COURSE THIS EXTREME ELEGANCE OF EXTERIOR IS ENTIRELY IN KEEPING WITH THAT REFINEMENT OF FEELING WHICH PERMITS THEM TO STARE OUT OF COUNTENANCE EVERY LADY THAT PASSES.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL—CONTENTS OF NO. 152, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

	PAGE		PAGE
"RATHER CHEERLESS." (Illustration.) Drawn by Paul Dixon...	197	REMINISCENCES OF THE PINE-WOODS OF MAINE. (Illustrated.)...	212
A DOUBT. (With an Illustration.) By the author of "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," etc.....	198	"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"—Part II.: Chapters XIV. and XV. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She," etc. (From advance-sheets.).....	215
LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE: Chapter XIX. By the author of "Annals of an Eventful Life.".....	203	AFRAID. By Howard Glyndon.....	217
CLARA HARLOWE BARTON. By L. P. Brockett.....	204	TABLE-TALK.....	218
A COLD BATH. By Julian Hawthorne.....	208	CORRESPONDENCE.....	219
THE PARIS POST-OFFICE. By George B. Miles.....	209	MISCELLANY.....	220
EAU DE COLOGNE. By John H. Snively.....	210	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	222
ECONOMIZING VITALITY.....	210	VARIETIES.....	223
THE "HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY:" No. 8. (Illustration.).....	224		

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